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THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[From Advance Sheets, purchased direct from the Author.]

PREAMBLE.

THIS is the story of what a Woman's patience can endure, and of what a Man's resolution can achieve.

If the machinery of the Law could be depended on to fathom every case of suspicion, and to conduct every process of inquiry, with moderate assistance only from the lubricating influences of oil of gold, the events which fill these pages might have claimed their share of the public attention in a Court of Justice.

But the Law is still, in certain inevitable cases, the pre-engaged servant of the long purse; and the story is left to be told, for the first time, in this place. As the Judge might once have heard it, so the Reader shall hear it now. No circumstance of importance, from the beginning to the end of the disclosure, shall be related on hearsay evidence. When the writer of these introductory lines (Walter Hartright, by name) happens to be more closely connected than others with the incidents to be recorded, he will describe them in his own person. When his experience fails, he will retire from the position of narrator; and his task will be continued, from the point at which he has left it off, by other persons who can speak to the circumstances under notice from their own knowledge, just as clearly and positively as he has spoken before them.

Thus, the story here presented will be told by more than one pen, as the story of an offense against the laws is told in Court by more than one witness—with the same object, in both cases, to present the truth always in its most direct and most intelligible aspect; and to trace the course of one complete series of events, by making the persons who have been most closely connected with them, at each successive stage, relate their own experience, word for word.

Let Walter Hartright, teacher of drawing, aged twenty-eight years, be heard first.

THE NARRATIVE OF WALTER HARTRIGHT, OF CLEMENT'S INN, LONDON.

I.

IT was the last day of July. The long hot summer was drawing to a close; and we, the weary pilgrims of the London pavement, were beginning to think of the cloud-shadows on the corn-fields, and the autumn breezes on the seashore.

For my own poor part, the fading summer left me out of health, out of spirits, and, if the truth must be told, out of money as well. During the past year, I had not managed my professional resources as carefully as usual; and my extravagance now limited me to the prospect of spending the autumn economically between my mother's cottage at Hampstead, and my own chambers in town.

The evening, I remember, was still and cloudy; the London air was at its heaviest; the distant hum of the street-traffic was at its faintest; the small pulse of the life within me and the great heart of the city around me seemed to be sinking in unison, languidly and more languidly, with the sinking sun. I roused myself from the book which I was dreaming over rather than reading, and left my chambers to meet the cool night air in the suburbs. It was one of the two evenings in every week which I was accustomed to spend with my mother and my sister. So I turned my steps northward, in the direction of Hampstead.

Events which I have yet to relate, make it necessary to mention in this place that my father had been dead some years at the period of which I am now writing; and that my sister Sarah, and I, were the sole survivors of a family of five children. My father was a drawing-master before me. His exertions had made him highly successful in his profession; and his affectionate anxiety to provide for the future of those who were dependent on his labors, had impelled him, from the time of his marriage, to devote to the insuring of his life a much larger portion of his income than most men consider it necessary to set aside for that purpose. Thanks to his admirable prudence and self-denial, my mother and sister were left, after his death, as independent of the world as they had been during his lifetime. I succeeded to his connection, and had every reason to feel grateful for the prospect that awaited me at my starting in life.

The quiet twilight was still trembling on the topmost ridges of the heath; and the view of London below me had sunk into a black gulf in the shadow of the cloudy night, when I stood before the gate of my mother's cottage. I had hardly rung the bell, before the house-door was opened violently; my worthy Italian friend, Professor Pesca, appeared in the servant's place; and darted out joyously to receive me, with a shrill foreign parody on an English cheer.

On his own account, and, I must be allowed to add, on mine also, the Professor merits the honor of a formal introduction. Accident has made him the starting-point of the strange family story which it is the purpose of these pages to unfold.

I had first become acquainted with my Italian friend by meeting him at certain great houses, where he taught his own language and I taught drawing. All I then knew of the history of his life was, that he had once held a situation in the University of Padua; that he had left Italy for political reasons (the nature of which he uniformly declined to mention to any one); and that he had been for many years respectably established in London as a teacher of languages.

Without being actually a dwarf—for he was perfectly well-proportioned from head to foot—Pesca was, I think, the smallest human being I ever saw, out of a show-room. Remarkable any where, by his personal appearance, he was still further distinguished among the rank and file of mankind, by the harmless eccentricity of his character. The ruling idea of his life appeared to be, that he was bound to show his gratitude to the country which had afforded him an asylum and a means of subsistence, by doing his utmost to turn himself into an Englishman. Not content with paying the nation in general the compliment of invariably carrying an umbrella, and invariably wearing gaiters and a white hat, the Professor further aspired to become an Englishman in his habits and amusements, as well as in his personal appearance. Finding us distinguished, as a nation, by our love of athletic exercises, the little man, in the innocence of his heart, devoted himself impromptu to all our English sports and pastimes, whenever he had the opportunity of joining them; firmly persuaded that he could adopt our national amusements of the field, by an effort of will, precisely as he had adopted our national gaiters and our national white hat.

I had seen him risk his limbs blindly at a fox-hunt and in a cricket-field; and, soon afterward, I saw him risk his life, just as blindly, in the sea at Brighton. We had met there accidentally, and were bathing together. If we had been engaged in any exercise peculiar to my own nation, I should, of course, have looked after Pesca carefully; but, as foreigners are generally quite as well able to take care of themselves in the water as Englishmen, it never occurred to me that the art of swimming might merely add one more to the list of manly exercises which the Professor believed that he could learn impromptu. Soon after we had both struck out from shore, I stopped, finding my friend did not gain on me, and turned round to look for him. To my horror and amazement, I saw nothing between me and the beach but two little white arms, which struggled for an instant above the surface of the water, and then disappeared from view. When I dived for him, the poor little man was lying quietly coiled up at the bottom, in a hollow of shingle, looking by many degrees smaller than I had ever seen him look before. During the few minutes that elapsed while I was taking him in, the air revived him, and he ascended the steps of the machine with my assistance. With the partial recovery of his animation came the return of his wonderful delusion on the subject of swimming. As soon as his chattering teeth would let him speak, he smiled vacantly, and said he thought it must have been the Cramp.

When he had thoroughly recovered himself and had joined me on the beach, his warm Southern nature broke through all artificial English restraints, in a moment. He overwhelmed me with the wildest expressions of affection—exclaimed passionately, in his exaggerated Italian way, that he would hold his life, henceforth, at my disposal—and declared that he should never be happy again, until he had found an opportunity of proving his gratitude by rendering me some service which I might remember, on my side, to the end of my days. I did my best to stop the torrent of his tears and protestations, by persisting in treating the whole adventure as a good subject for a joke; and succeeded at last, as I imagined, in lessening Pesca's overwhelming sense of obligation to me. Little did I think then—little did I think afterward when our pleasant Brighton holiday had drawn to an end—that the opportunity of serving me for which my grateful companion so ardently longed, was soon to come; that he was eagerly to seize it on the instant; and that, by so doing, he was to turn the whole current of my existence into a new channel, and to alter me to myself almost past recognition.

Yet, so it was. If I had not dived for Professor Pesca, when he lay under water on his shingle bed, I should, in all human probability, never have been connected with the story which these pages will relate—I should never, perhaps, have heard even the name of the woman, who has lived in all my thoughts, who has possessed herself of all my energies, who has become the one guiding influence that now directs the purpose of my life.

II.

PESCA'S face and manner, on the evening when we confronted each other at my mother's gate, were more than sufficient to inform me that something extraordinary had happened. It was quite useless, however, to ask him for an immediate explanation. I could only conjecture, while he was dragging me in by both hands, that (knowing my habits) he had come to the cottage to make sure of meeting me that night, and that he had some news to tell of an unusually agreeable kind.

We both bounced into the parlor in a highly abrupt and undignified manner. My mother sat by the open window, laughing and fanning herself. Pesca was one of her especial favorites; and his wildest eccentricities were always pardonable in her eyes. Poor dear soul! from the first moment when she found out that the little Professor was deeply and gratefully attached to her son, she opened her heart to him unreservedly, and took all his puzzling foreign peculiarities for granted, without so much as attempting to understand any one of them.

My sister Sarah, with all the advantages of youth, was, strangely enough, less pliable. She did full justice to Pesca's excellent qualities of heart; but she could not accept him implicitly, as my mother accepted him, for my sake. Her insular notions of propriety rose in perpetual revolt against Pesca's constitutional contempt for appearances; and she was always more or less undisguisedly astonished at her mother's familiarity with the eccentric little foreigner. I have observed, not only in my sister's case, but in the instances of others, that we of the young generation are nothing like so hearty and so impulsive as some of our elders. I constantly see old people flushed and excited by the prospect of some anticipated pleasure which altogether fails to ruffle the tranquillity of their serene grandchildren. Are we, I wonder, quite such genuine boys and girls now as our seniors were, in their time? Has the great advance in education taken rather too long a stride; and are we, in these modern days, just the least trifle in the world too well brought up?

Without attempting to answer those questions decisively, I may at least record that I never saw my mother and my sister together in Pesca's society, without finding my mother much the younger woman of the two. On this occasion, for example, while the old lady was laughing

"I TURNED ON THE INSTANT, WITH MY FINGERS TIGHTENING ROUND THE HANDLE OF MY STICK."

heartily over the boyish manner in which we tumbled into the parlor, Sarah was perturbedly picking up the broken pieces of a tea-cup, which the Professor had knocked off the table in his precipitate advance to meet me at the door.

"I don't know what would have happened, Walter," said my mother, "if you had delayed much longer. Pesca has been half-mad with impatience; and I have been half-mad with curiosity. The Professor has brought some wonderful news with him, in which he says you are concerned; and he has cruelly refused to give us the smallest hint of it till his friend Walter appeared.

"Very provoking: it spoils the Set," murmured Sarah to herself, mournfully absorbed over the ruins of the broken cup.

While these words were being spoken, Pesca, happily and fussily unconscious of the irreparable wrong which the crockery had suffered at his hands, was dragging a large arm-chair to the opposite end of the room, so as to command us all three, in the character of a public speaker addressing an audience. Having turned the chair with its back toward us, he jumped into it on his knees, and excitably addressed his small congregation of three from an impromptu pulpit.

"Now, my good dears," began Pesca (who always said "good dears" when he meant "worthy friends"), "listen to me. The time has come—I recite my good news—I speak at last."

"Hear, hear!" said my mother, humoring the joke.

"The next thing he will break, mamma," whispered Sarah, "will be the back of the best arm-chair."

"I go back into my life, and I address myself to the noblest of created beings," continued Pesca, vehemently apostrophizing my unworthy self, over the top rail of the chair. "Who found me dead at the bottom of the sea (through Cramp); and who pulled me up to the top; and what did I say when I got into my own life and my own clothes again?"

"Much more than was at all necessary," I answered, as doggedly as possible; for the least encouragement in connection with this subject invariably let loose the Professor's emotions in a flood of tears.

"I said," persisted Pesca, "that my life belonged to my dear friend, Walter, for the rest of my days—and so it does. I said that I should never be happy again till I had found the opportunity of doing a good Something for Walter—and I have never been contented with myself till this most blessed day. Now," cried the enthusiastic little man at the top of his voice, "the overflowing happiness bursts out of me at every pore of my skin, like a perspiration; for on my faith, and soul, and honor, the Something is done at last, and the only word to say now, is—Right-all-right!"

It may be necessary to explain, here, that Pesca prided himself on being a perfect Englishman in his language, as well as in his dress, manners, and amusements. Having picked up a few of our most familiar colloquial expressions, he scattered them about over his conversation whenever they happened to occur to him, turning them, in his high relish for their sound and his general ignorance of their sense, into compound words and repetitions of his own, and always running them into each other, as if they consisted of one long syllable.

"Among the fine London houses where I teach the language of my native country," said the Professor, rushing into his long-deferred explanation without another word of preface, "there is one, mighty fine, in the big place called Portland. You all know where that is? Yes, yes—course-of-course. The fine house, my good dears, has got inside it a fine family. A Mamma, fair and fat; three young Misses, fair and fat; two young Misters, fair and fat; and a Papa, the fairest and fattest of all, who is a mighty merchant, up to his eyes in gold—a fine man once, but seeing that he has got a naked head and two chins, fine no longer at the present time. Now mind! I teach the sublime Dante to the young Misses, and ah!—my-soul-bless-my-soul!—it is not in human language to say how the sublime Dante puzzles the pretty heads of all three! No matter—all in good time—and the more lessons the better for me. Now mind! Imagine to yourselves that I am teaching the young Misses to-day, as usual. We are all four of us down together in the Hell of Dante. At the Seventh Circle—but no matter for that: all the Circles are alike to the three young Misses, fair and fat—at the Seventh Circle, nevertheless, my pupils are sticking fast; and I to set them going again, recite, explain, and blow myself up red-hot with useless enthusiasm, when—a creak of boots in the passage outside, and in comes the golden Papa, the mighty merchant with the naked head and the two chins.—Ha! my good dears, I am closer than you think for to the business, now. Have you been patient, so far? or have you said to yourselves, 'Deuce-what-the-deuce! Pesca is long-winded to-night?'"

We declared that we were deeply interested. The Professor went on:

"In his hand, the golden Papa has a letter; and after he has made his excuse for disturbing us in our Infernal Region with the common mortal business of the house, he addresses himself to the three young Misses, and begins, as you English begin every thing in this blessed world that you have to say, with a great O. 'O, my dears,' says the mighty merchant, 'I have got here a letter from my friend, Mr. ——' (the name has slipped out of my mind; but no matter; we shall come back to that: yes, yes—right-all-right). So the Papa says, 'I have got a letter from my friend, the Mister; and he wants a recommend from me, of a drawing-master, to go down to his house in the country.' My-soul-bless-my-soul! when I heard the golden papa say those words, if I had been big enough to reach up to him, I should have put my arms round his neck, and pressed him to my bosom in a long and grateful hug! As it was, I only bounced upon my chair. My seat was on thorns, and my soul was on fire to speak; but I held my tongue, and let Papa go on. 'Perhaps you know,' says this good man of money, twiddling his friend's letter this way and that, in his golden fingers and thumbs, 'perhaps you know, my dears, of a drawing-master that I can recommend?' The three young Misses all look at each other, and then say (with the indispensable great O to begin), 'O, dear no, Papa! But here is Mr. Pesca—' At the mention of myself I can hold no longer—the thought of you, my good dears, mounts like blood to my head—I start from my seat, as if a spike had grown up from the ground through the bottom of my chair—I address myself to the mighty merchant, and I say (English phrase), 'Dear Sir, I have the man! The first and foremost drawing-master of the world! Recommend him by the post to-night, and send him off, bag and baggage (English phrase again—ha?), send him off, bag and baggage, by the train to-morrow!' 'Stop, stop,' says the Papa, 'is he a foreigner or an Englishman?' 'English to the bone of his back,' I answer. 'Respectable?' says Papa. 'Sir,' I say (for this last question of his outrages me, and I have done being familiar with him), 'Sir, the immortal fire of genius burns in this Englishman's bosom, and, what is more, his father had it before him!' 'Never mind,' says the golden barbarian of a Papa, 'never mind about his genius, Mr. Pesca. We don't want genius in this country, unless it is accompanied by respectability—and then we are very glad to have it, very glad indeed. Can your friend produce testimonials—letters that speak to his character?' I wave my hand negligently. 'Letters?' I say. 'Ha! my-soul-bless-my-soul! I should think so, indeed! Volumes of letters and port-folios of testimonials, if you like?' 'One or two will do,' says this man of phlegm and money. 'Let him send them to me, with his name and address. And—stop, stop, Mr. Pesca—before you go to your friend, you had better take a note.' 'Bank-note!' I say, indignantly. 'No bank-note, if you please, till my brave Englishman has earned it first.' 'Bank-note?' says Papa, in a great surprise, 'who talked of bank-note? I mean a note of the terms—a memorandum of what he is expected to do. Go on with your lesson, Mr. Pesca, and I will give you the necessary extract from my friend's letter.' Down sits the man of merchandise and money to his pen, ink, and paper; and down I go once again into the Hell of Dante, with my three young Misses after me. In ten minutes' time the note is written, and the boots of Papa are creaking themselves away in the passage outside. From that moment, on my faith, and soul, and honor, I know nothing more! The glorious thought that I have caught my opportunity at last, and that my grateful service for my dearest friend in the world is as good as done already, flies up into my head and makes me drunk. How I pull my young Misses and myself out of our Infernal Region again, how my other business is done afterward, how my little bit of dinner slides itself down my throat, I know no more than a man in the moon. Enough for me, that here I am, with the mighty merchant's note in my hand, as large as life, as hot as fire, and as happy as a king! Ha! ha! ha! right-right-right-all-right!" Here the Professor waved the memorandum of terms over his head, and ended his long and voluble narrative with his shrill Italian parody on an English cheer.

My mother rose the moment he had done, with flushed cheeks and brightened eyes. She caught the little man warmly by both hands.

"My dear, good Pesca," she said, "I never doubted your true affection for Walter—but I am more than ever persuaded of it now!"

"I am sure we are very much obliged to Professor Pesca, for Walter's sake," added Sarah. She half rose, while she spoke, as if to approach the arm-chair, in her turn; but, observing that Pesca was rapturously kissing my mother's hands, looked serious, and resumed her seat. "If the familiar little man treats my mother in that way, how will he treat *me?*" Faces sometimes tell truth; and that was unquestionably the thought in Sarah's mind, as she sat down again.

Although I was myself gratefully sensible of the kindness of Pesca's motives, my spirits were hardly so much elevated as they ought to have been by the prospect of future employment now placed before me. When the Professor had quite done with my mother's hands, and when I had warmly thanked him for his interference on my behalf, I asked to be allowed to look at the note of terms which his respectable patron had drawn up for my inspection.

Pesca handed me the paper, with a triumphant flourish of the hand.

"Read!" said the little man, majestically. "I promise you, my friend, the writing of the golden Papa speaks with a tongue of trumpets for itself."

The note of terms was plain, straightforward, and comprehensive, at any rate. It informed me,

First, That Frederick Fairlie, Esquire, of Limmeridge House, Cumberland, wanted to engage the services of a thoroughly competent drawing-master, for a period of four months certain.

Secondly, That the duties which the master was expected to perform would be of a two-fold kind. He was to superintend the instruction of two young ladies in the art of painting in water-colors; and he was to devote his leisure time, afterward, to the business of arranging and mounting a valuable collection of drawings which had been suffered to fall into a condition of total neglect.

Thirdly, That the terms offered to the person who should undertake and properly perform these duties, were four guineas a week; that he was to reside at Limmeridge House; and that he was to be treated there on the footing of a gentleman.

Fourthly, and lastly, That no person need think of applying for this situation, unless he could furnish the most unexceptionable references to character and abilities. The references were to be sent to Mr. Fairlie's friend in London, who was empowered to conclude all necessary arrangements. These instructions were followed by the name and address of Pesca's employer in Portland-place—and there the note, or memorandum, ended.

The prospect which this offer of an engagement held out was certainly an attractive one. The employment was likely to be both easy and agreeable; it was proposed to me at the autumn time of year when I was least occupied; and the terms, judging by my personal experience in my profession, were surprisingly liberal. I knew this; I knew that I ought to consider myself very fortunate if I succeeded in securing the offered employment—and yet, no sooner had I read the memorandum than I felt an inexplicable unwillingness within me to stir in the matter. I had never in the whole of my previous experience found my duty and my inclination so painfully and so unaccountably at variance as I found them now.

"Oh, Walter, your father never had such a chance as this!" said my mother, when she had read the note of terms and had handed it back to me.

"Such distinguished people to know," remarked Sarah, straightening herself in her chair; "and on such gratifying terms of equality, too!"

"Yes, yes; the terms, in every sense, are tempting enough," I replied, impatiently. "But, before I send in my testimonials, I should like a little time to consider—"

"Consider!" exclaimed my mother. "Why, Walter, what is the matter with you!"

"Consider!" echoed my sister. "What a very extraordinary thing to say, under the circumstances!"

"Consider!" chimed in the Professor. "What is there to consider about? Answer me this! Have you not been complaining of your health, and have you not been longing for what you call a smack of the country breeze? Well! there in your hand is the paper that offers you perpetual choking mouthfuls of country breeze, for four months' time. Is it not so? Ha? Again—you want money. Well! Is four golden guineas a week nothing? My-soul-bless-my-soul! only give it to *me*—and my boots shall creak like the golden Papa's, with a sense of the overpowering richness of the man who walks in them! Four guineas a week, and, more than that, the charming society of two young Misses; and, more than that, your bed, your breakfast, your dinner, your gorging English teas and lunches and drinks of foaming beer, all for nothing—why, Walter, my dear good friend—deuce-what-the-deuce!—for the first time in my life I have not eyes enough in my head to look, and wonder at you!"

Neither my mother's evident astonishment at my behavior, nor Pesca's fervid enumeration of the advantages offered to me by the new employment, had any effect in shaking my unreasonable disinclination to go to Limmeridge House. After starting all the petty objections that I could think of to going to Cumberland; and after hearing them answered, one after another, to my own complete discomfiture, I tried to set up a last obstacle by asking what was to become of my pupils in London, while I was teaching Mr. Fairlie's young ladies to sketch from nature. The obvious answer to this was that the greater part of them would be away on their autumn travels, and that the few who remained at home might be confided to the care of one of my brother drawing-masters, whose pupils I had once taken off his hands under similar circumstances. My sister reminded me that this gentleman had expressly placed his services at my disposal, during the present season, in case I wished to leave town; my mother seriously appealed to me not to let an idle caprice stand in the way of my own interests and my own health; and Pesca piteously entreated that I would not wound him to the heart, by rejecting the first grateful offer of service that he had been able to make to the man who had saved his life.

The evident sincerity and affection which inspired these remonstrances would have influenced any man with an atom of good feeling in his composition. Though I could not conquer my own unaccountable perversity, I had at least virtue enough to be heartily ashamed of it, and to end the discussion pleasantly by giving way and promising to do all that was wanted of me. The rest of the evening passed merrily enough in humorous anticipations of my coming life with the two young ladies in Cumberland. Pesca, inspired by our national grog, which appeared to get into his head, in the most marvelous manner, five minutes after it had gone down his throat, asserted his claims to be considered a complete Englishman by making a series of speeches in rapid succession; proposing my mother's health, my sister's health, my health, and the healths, in mass, of Mr. Fairlie and the two young Misses; pathetically returning thanks himself, immediately afterward, for the whole party. "A secret, Walter," said my little friend, confidentially, as we walked home together. "I am flushed by the recollection of my own eloquence. My soul bursts itself with ambition. One of these days, I go into your noble Parliament. It is the dream of my whole life to be Honorable Pesca, M.P.!"

The next morning I sent my testimonials to the Professor's employer in Portland-place. Three days passed; and I concluded, with secret satisfaction, that my papers had not been found sufficiently explicit. On the fourth day, however, an answer came. It announced that Mr. Fairlie accepted my services, and requested me to start for Cumberland immediately. All the necessary instructions for my journey were carefully and clearly added in a postscript.

I made my arrangements, unwillingly enough, for leaving London early the next day. Toward evening Pesca looked in, on his way to a dinner-party, to bid me good-by.

"I shall dry my tears in your absence," said the Professor, gayly, "with this glorious thought. It is my auspicious hand that has given the first push to your fortune in the world. Go, my friend! When your sun shines in Cumberland (English proverb), in the name of Heaven, make your hay. Marry one of the two young Misses; inherit the fat lands of Fairlie; become Honorable Hartright, M.P.; and when you are on the top of the ladder, remember that Pesca, at the bottom, has done it all!"

I tried to laugh with my little friend over his parting jest, but my spirits were not to be commanded. Something jarred in me almost painfully, while he was speaking his light farewell words.

When I was left alone again, nothing remained to be done but to walk to the Hampstead Cottage and bid my mother and Sarah good-by.

III.

THE heat had been painfully oppressive all day; and it was now a close and sultry night.

My mother and sister had spoken so many last words, and had begged me to wait another five minutes so many times, that it was nearly midnight when the servant locked the garden-gate behind me. I walked forward a few paces on the shortest way back to London; then stopped, and hesitated.

The moon was full and broad in the dark blue starless sky; and the broken ground of the heath looked wild enough in the mysterious light to be hundreds of miles away from the great city that lay beneath it. The idea of descending any sooner than I could help into the heat and gloom of London repelled me. The prospect of going to bed in my airless chambers, and the prospect of gradual suffocation, seemed, in my present restless frame of mind and body, to be one and the same thing. I determined to stroll home in the purer air, by the most roundabout way I could take; to follow the white winding paths across the lonely heath; and to approach London through its most open suburb by striking into the Finchley-road, and so getting back, in the cool of the new morning, by the western side of the Regent's Park.

I wound my way down slowly over the Heath, enjoying the divine stillness of the scene, and admiring the soft alternations of light and shade as they followed each other over the broken ground on every side of me. So long as I was proceeding through this first and prettiest part of my night-walk, my mind remained passively open to the impressions produced by the view; and I thought but little on any subject—indeed, so far as my own sensations were concerned, I can hardly say that I thought at all.

But when I had left the Heath, and had turned into the by-road, where there was less to see, the ideas naturally engendered by the approaching change in my habits and occupations, gradually drew more and more of my attention exclusively to themselves. By the time I had arrived at the end of the road, I had become completely absorbed in my own fanciful visions of Limmeridge House, of Mr. Fairlie, and of the two ladies whose practice in the art of water-color painting I was so soon to superintend.

I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met—the road to Hampstead, along which I had returned; the road to Finchley and Barnet; the road to Hendon; and the road back to London. I had mechanically turned in this latter direction, and was strolling along the lonely high-road—idly wondering, I remember, what the Cumberland young ladies would look like—when, in one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me.

I turned on the instant, with my fingers tightening round the handle of my stick.

There, in the middle of the broad, bright high-road—there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth or dropped from the heaven—stood the figure of a solitary Woman, dressed from head to foot in white garments; her face bent in grave inquiry on mine, her hand pointing to the dark cloud over London, as I faced her.

I was far too seriously startled by the suddenness with which this extraordinary apparition stood before me, in the dead of night and in that lonely place, to ask what she wanted. The strange woman spoke first.

"Is that the road to London?" she said.

I looked attentively at her, as she put that singular question to me. It was then nearly one o'clock. All I could discern distinctly by the moonlight, was a colorless, youthful face, meagre and sharp to look at, about the cheeks and chin; large, grave, wistfully-attentive eyes; nervous, uncertain lips; and light hair of a pale, brownish-yellow hue. There was nothing wild, nothing immodest in her manner: it was quiet and self-controlled, a little melancholy and a little touched by suspicion; not exactly the manner of a lady, and, at the same time, not

the manner of a woman in the humblest rank of life. The voice, little as I had yet heard of it, had something curiously still and mechanical in its tones, and the utterance was remarkably rapid. She held a small bag in her hand: and her dress—bonnet, shawl, and gown all of white—was, so far as I could guess, certainly not composed of very delicate or very expensive materials. Her figure was slight, and rather above the average height—her gait and actions free from the slightest approach to extravagance. This was all that I could observe of her, in the dim light and under the perplexingly-strange circumstances of our meeting. What sort of woman she was, and how she came to be out alone in the high-road, an hour after midnight, I altogether failed to guess. The one thing of which I felt certain was, that the grossest of mankind could not have misconstrued her motive in speaking, even at that suspiciously late hour and in that suspiciously lonely place.

"Did you hear me?" she said, still quietly and rapidly, and without the least fretfulness or impatience. "I asked if that was the way to London."

"Yes," I replied, "that is the way: it leads to St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. You must excuse my not answering you before. I was rather startled by your sudden appearance in the road; and I am, even now, quite unable to account for it."

"You don't suspect me of doing any thing wrong, do you? I have done nothing wrong. I have met with an accident—I am very unfortunate in being here alone so late. Why do you suspect me of doing wrong?"

She spoke with unnecessary earnestness and agitation, and shrank back from me several paces. I did my best to reassure her.

"Pray don't suppose that I have any idea of suspecting you," I said, "or any other wish than to be of assistance to you, if I can. I only wondered at your appearance in the road, because it seemed to me to be empty the instant before I saw you."

She turned, and pointed back to a place at the junction of the road to London and the road to Hampstead, where there was a gap in the hedge.

"I heard you coming," she said, "and hid there to see what sort of man you were, before I risked speaking. I doubted and feared about it till you passed; and then I was obliged to steal after you, and touch you."

Steal after me, and touch me? Why not call to me? Strange, to say the least of it.

"May I trust you?" she asked. "You don't think the worse of me because I have met with an accident?" She stopped in confusion; shifted her bag from one hand to the other; and sighed bitterly.

The loneliness and helplessness of the woman touched me. The natural impulse to assist her and to spare her, got the better of the judgment, the caution, the worldly tact, which an elder, wiser, and colder man might have summoned to help him in this strange emergency.

"You may trust me for any harmless purpose," I said. "If it troubles you to explain your strange situation to me, don't think of returning to the subject again. I have no right to ask you for any explanations. Tell me how I can help you; and if I can, I will."

"You are very kind, and I am very, very thankful to have met you." The first touch of womanly tenderness that I had heard from her, trembled in her voice as she said the words; but no tears glistened in those large, wistfully attentive eyes of hers, which were still fixed on me. "I have only been in London once before," she went on, more and more rapidly; "and I know nothing about that side of it, yonder. Can I get a fly, or a carriage of any kind? Is it too late? I don't know. If you could show me where to get a fly—and if you will only promise not to interfere with me, and to let me leave you, when and how I please—I have a friend in London who will be glad to receive me—I want nothing else—will you promise?"

She looked anxiously up and down the road; shifted her bag again from one hand to the other; repeated the words, "Will you promise?" and looked hard in my face, with a pleading fear and confusion that it troubled me to see.

What could I do? Here was a stranger utterly and helplessly at my mercy—and that stranger a forlorn woman. No house was near; no one was passing whom I could consult; and no earthly right existed on my part to give me a power of control over her, even if I had known how to exercise it. I trace these lines, self-distrustfully, with the shadows of after-events darkening the very paper I write on; and still I say, what could I do?

What I did do, was to try and gain time by questioning her.

"Are you sure that your friend in London will receive you at such a late hour as this?" I said.

"Quite sure. Only say you will let me leave you when and how I please—only say you won't interfere with me. Will you promise?"

As she repeated the words for the third time, she came close to me, and laid her hand, with a sudden gentle stealthiness, on my bosom—a thin hand; a cold hand (when I removed it with mine) even on that sultry night. Remember that I was young; remember that the hand which touched me was a woman's.

"Will you promise?"

"Yes."

One word! The little familiar word that is on every body's lips, every hour in the day. Oh me! and I tremble, now, when I write it.

We set our faces toward London, and walked on together in the first still hour of the new day—I, and this woman, whose name, whose character, whose story, whose objects in life, whose very presence by my side, at that moment, were fathomless mysteries to me. It was like a dream. Was I Walter Hartright? Was this the well-known, uneventful road, where holiday people strolled on Sundays? Had I really left, little more than an hour since, the quiet, decent, conventionally-domestic atmosphere of my mother's cottage? I was too bewildered—too conscious also of a vague sense of something like self-reproach—to speak to my strange companion for some minutes. It was her voice again that first broke the silence between us.

"I want to ask you something," she said, suddenly. "Do you know many people in London?"

"Yes, a great many."

"Many men of rank and title?" There was an unmistakable tone of suspicion in the strange question. I hesitated about answering it.

"Some," I said, after a moment's silence.

"Many"—she came to a full stop, and looked me searchingly in the face—"many men of the rank of Baronet?"

Too much astonished to reply, I questioned her in my turn.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I hope, for my own sake, there is one Baronet that you don't know."

"Will you tell me his name?"

"I can't—I daren't—I forget myself, when I mention it." She spoke loudly and almost fiercely, raised her clenched hand in the air, and shook it passionately; then, on a sudden, controlled herself again, and added, in tones lowered to a whisper: "Tell me which of them *you* know."

I could hardly refuse to humor her in such a trifle, and I mentioned three names. Two, the names of fathers of families whose daughters I taught; one, the name of a bachelor who had once taken me a cruise in his yacht, to make sketches for him.

"Ah! you *don't* know him," she said, with a sigh of relief. "Are you a man of rank and title yourself?"

"Far from it. I am only a drawing-master."

As the reply passed my lips—a little bitterly, perhaps—she took my arm with the abruptness which characterized all her actions.

"Not a man of rank and title," she repeated to herself. "Thank God! I may trust *him*."

I had hitherto contrived to master my curiosity out of consideration for my companion; but it got the better of me, now.

"I am afraid you have serious reason to complain of some man of rank and title?" I said. "I am afraid the baronet, whose name you are unwilling to mention to me, has done you some grievous wrong? Is he the cause of your being out here at this strange time of night?"

"Don't ask me; don't make me talk of it," she answered. "I'm not fit, now. I have been cruelly used and cruelly wronged. You will be kinder than ever, if you will walk on fast, and not speak to me. I sadly want to be silent—I sadly want to quiet myself, if I can."

We moved forward again at a quick pace; and for half an hour, at least, not a word passed on either side. From time to time, being forbidden to make any more inquiries, I stole a look at her face. It was always the same; the lips close shut, the brow frowning, the eyes looking straight forward, eagerly and yet absently. We had reached the first houses, and were close on the new Wesleyan College, before her set features relaxed, and she spoke once more.

"Do you live in London?" she said.

"Yes." As I answered, it struck me that she might have formed some intention of appealing to me for assistance or advice, and that I ought to spare her a possible disappointment by warning her of my approaching absence from home. So I added: "But to-morrow I shall be away from London for some time. I am going into the country."

"Where?" she asked. "North, or south?"

"North—to Cumberland."

"Cumberland!" she repeated the word tenderly. "Ah! I wish I was going there, too. I was once happy in Cumberland."

I tried again to lift the vail that hung between this woman and me.

"Perhaps you were born," I said, "in the beautiful Lake country."

"No," she answered. "I was born in Hampshire; but I once went to school for a little while in Cumberland. Lakes? I don't remember any lakes. It's Limmeridge village, and Limmeridge House, I should like to see again."

It was my turn, now, to stop suddenly. In the excited state of my curiosity, at that moment, the chance reference to Mr. Fairlie's place of residence, on the lips of my strange companion, staggered me with astonishment.

"Did you hear any body calling after us?" she asked, looking up and down the road affrightedly, the instant I stopped.

"No, no. I was only struck by the name of Limmeridge House—I heard it mentioned by some Cumberland people a few days since."

"Ah! not *my* people. Mrs. Fairlie is dead; and her husband is dead; and their little girl may be married and gone away by this time. I can't say who lives at Limmeridge now. If any more are left there of that name, I only know I love them for Mrs. Fairlie's sake."

She seemed about to say more; but while she was speaking, we came within view of the turnpike, at the top of the Avenue Road. Her hand tightened round my arm, and she looked anxiously at the gate before us.

"Is the turnpike man looking out?" she asked.

He was not looking out; no one else was near the place when we passed through the gate. The sight of the gas-lamps and houses seemed to agitate her, and to make her impatient.

"This is London," she said. "Do you see any carriage I can get? I am tired and frightened. I want to shut myself in, and be driven away."

I explained to her that we must walk a little further to get to a cab-stand, unless we were fortunate enough to meet with an empty vehicle; and then tried to resume the subject of Cumberland. It was useless. That idea of shutting herself in, and being driven away, had now got full possession of her mind. She could think and talk of nothing else.

We had hardly proceeded a third of the way down the Avenue-road, when I saw a cab draw up at a house a few doors below us, on the opposite side of the way. A gentleman got out and let himself in at the garden door. I hailed the cab, as the driver got on the box again. When we crossed the road, my companion's impatience increased to such an extent that she almost forced me to run.

"It's so late," she said. "I am only in a hurry because it's so late."

"I can't take you, Sir, if you're not going toward Tottenham court-road," said the driver, civilly, when I opened the cab door. "My horse is dead beat, and I can't get him no further than the stable."

"Yes, yes. That will do for me. I'm going that way—I'm going that way." She spoke with breathless eagerness, and pressed by me into the cab.

I had assured myself that the man was sober as well as civil, before I let her enter the vehicle. And now, when she was seated inside, I entreated her to let me see her set down safely at her destination.

"No, no, no," she said, vehemently. "I'm quite safe and quite happy now. If you are a gentleman, remember your promise. Let him drive on, till I stop him. Thank you—oh! thank you, thank you!"

My hand was on the cab door. She caught it in hers, kissed it, and pushed it away. The cab drove off at the same moment—I started into the road, with some vague idea of stopping it again, I hardly knew why—hesitated from dread of frightening and distressing her—called, at last, but not loudly enough to attract the driver's attention. The sound of the wheels grew fainter in the distance—the cab melted into the black shadows on the road—the woman in white was gone.

Ten minutes, or more, had passed. I was still on the same side of the way; now mechanically walking forward a few paces; now stopping again absently. At one moment, I found myself doubting the reality of my own adventure; at another, I was perplexed and distressed by an uneasy sense of having done wrong, which yet left me confusedly ignorant of how I could have done right. I hardly knew where I was going, or what I meant to do next; I was conscious of nothing but the confusion of my own thoughts, when I was abruptly recalled to myself—awakened I might almost say—by the sound of rapidly approaching wheels close behind me.

I was on the dark side of the road, in the thick shadow of some garden trees, when I stopped to look round. On the opposite, and lighter, side of the way, a short distance below me, a policeman was strolling along in the direction of the Regent's Park.

The carriage passed me—an open chaise driven by two men.

"Stop!" cried one. "There's a policeman. Let's ask him."

The horse was instantly pulled up, a few yards beyond the dark place where I stood.

"Policeman!" cried the first speaker. "Have you seen a woman pass this way?"

"What sort of woman, Sir?"

"A woman in a lavender-colored gown—"

"No, no," interposed the second man. "The clothes we gave her were found on her bed. She must have gone away in the clothes she wore when she came to us. In white, policeman. A woman in white."

"I haven't seen her, Sir."

"If you, or any of your men meet with the woman, stop her, and send her in careful keeping to that address. I'll pay all expenses, and a fair reward into the bargain."

The policeman looked at the card that was handed down to him.

"Why are we to stop her, Sir? What has she done?"

"Done! She has escaped from my Asylum. Don't forget: a woman in white. Drive on."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1859.

OURSELVES.

WE are compelled this week to abridge our editorials and the Lounger, in order to make room for the commencement of the NEW TALE, BY WILKIE COLLINS, which we publish on the preceding pages. From all that we can learn, we think we are justified in saying that Mr. Collins stakes his reputation on the success of this story.

We congratulate our readers on the simultaneous appearance of serials by Charles Dickens, George W. Curtis, and Wilkie Collins in our pages. No periodical that we know of contains such an assemblage.

We avail ourselves of this occasion to state that our readers may hereafter rely upon finding in the columns of the *Weekly* the best serial tales that may be written by British and American writers. For five cents weekly we intend to furnish the cream of contemporaneous literature of fiction.

In addition, we shall continue as heretofore to present a full summary of the news of the day, with such illustrations as occasion may seem to require. While we shall continue to eschew those topics which are unsuited for the family circle, we shall illustrate every event which affords proper scope for the designer's pencil.

The large circulation of the *Weekly*, DOUBLE THAT OF ANY OTHER ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN THIS COUNTRY, encourages us to persevere in the path we have pursued. Our readers may confidently expect to obtain in the *Weekly* the best matter and the best illustrations that can be procured in this country and abroad.

THE LOUNGER.

A SALUTARY LAW.

"IN good old colony times" there was a law which compelled every body to vote. The recusants were roundly fined—upon the principle that a citizen had no more right to be recreant to one social duty than another, and that least of all should he be excused for indifference to the most fundamental of the whole list.

It is very easy to ask, Why should a man vote if he don't want to? But it is just as easy to ask, Why should he serve on juries, or do military duty, or to be taxed for schools, if he does not want to? And the answer is, that it is a common venture, and the voice of all is necessary for the moral weight and prestige, without which skepticism may endanger success.

For instance, upon shipboard, a passenger might say that, for the common security, every body ought to be made to work at the pumps, in case of extremity; but that he would have nothing to do with deciding whether they should be worked or not. In case of actual extremity this might be unnecessary; but in a question not involving immediate risk it would be different; and if fifteen people out of twenty declined to express an opinion as to what should be done, they would have so embarrassed the five with hesitation and doubt, as probably to peril the whole. Where men work with conscious sympathy, they work with a will, and produce results worth something; and in a country of popular institutions, in which the welfare of the whole depends upon the proper administration of the government, it is the duty of every man to insist that his neighbor shall not shirk his share of the responsibility.

If a man have no opinion about men and measures—if he betray so little interest in the means by which personal liberty is secured and the ends of the government fulfilled—as to pride himself upon knowing nothing about the matter, then he is just the person to be bribed by interest or prejudice, and is so much bad material in the State.

An actual compulsory law to vote would be rather despotic, and the object sought might better be achieved in another way. But every young man in the country ought to understand that there is nothing more ludicrous and contemptible than the idea that it is "gentlemanly" not to use the rights and fulfill the duties of a free man.

LOUIS NAPOLEON IN ITALY.

LET us try to be just. Mrs. Browning has written a poem in which she says that a great man wanted to do a great deed, and wicked men made it impossible. That is the way in which she writes the history of the late Italian war.

The Emperor has written his history in the form of a letter to his brother of Sardinia. "It is requisite," he says, "to lay aside illusions and sterile regrets, and to examine carefully the real state of affairs." Those are the words of a statesman.

We have never regarded Louis Napoleon as a moral monster, but simply as an ambitious and unscrupulous man. For sometime during the summer the path of his ambition was coincident with that of Italian liberty. When his movement was threatened, as he supposed, by Europe, he stopped, and went back to Paris. His performance certainly did not come up to his programme. But, for one, the Lounger is ready to pardon to Louis Napoleon on this occasion what he is obliged to pardon to himself every day. The question is, Has he done nothing, or, worse than nothing? Has he betrayed Italy because he has not done all that Italy hoped, and but a part of what he promised Italy to do?

Frankly, it seems to us, not. He has unquestionably started the roots of Austria in Italy. He has revived the Italians' faith in themselves. Except for Louis Napoleon, would the million-musket project be in such activity—would Garibaldi be where he is? That he did this for the sake of Italy, of liberty, of humanity, etc., there is no proof. And so long as the movement is explicable upon the theory of the *coup-d'état* and of all his career hitherto, so long it will naturally be explained by it.

Still, the march of Louis Napoleon into Italy marks the beginning of a new union, of a new national life there. With Mantua, and Peschiera as Italian fortresses—with Piacenza, Ferrara, and Comacchio freed from the Austrians—with the union of Lombardy, of Parma, and of Piacenza—with a common flag, customs, and currency—with a system of representation, and foreign intervention abandoned—with Venice occupied by an Italian army, and a "moderate liberty" every where introduced—with all these results, is it possible to say that Louis Napoleon has altogether betrayed Italy?

EN ROUTE FOR HARPER'S FERRY.—[SKETCHED BY PORTE CRAYON.]

EN ROUTE FOR HARPER'S FERRY.

OUR artist, Porte Crayon, who was one of the first at Harper's Ferry after the late outbreak, and who has since followed up the affair with patient attention, has sent us the above design, representing the rush to Harper's Ferry from all parts of Virginia and Maryland. Old and young seem to have been quite excited, and to have marched with ardor, not knowing what they might not have to encounter at the end of their journey.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

THE BELCH PLATFORM.

"MY dear Mr. Newt, as a friend who has the highest respect for you, and the firmest faith in your future, I am sure you will allow me to say one thing."

"Oh! certainly, my dear Belch; say two," replied Abel, with the utmost suavity, and secretly wondering whether he or the General were the cleverer man.

"I have no peculiar ability, I know," continued the other, "but I have, perhaps, a little more experience than you. We old men, you know, always plume ourselves upon experience, which we make do duty for all the virtues and all the talents."

"And it is trained for that service by being merely a synonym for a knowledge of all the sins and rascalities," said Abel, smiling, as he blew rings of smoke and passed the decanter to General Belch.

"True," replied the other; "very true. I see, my dear Newt, that you have had your eyes and your mind open, as I knew you must have had. And since we are going to act together—since, in fact, we are interested in the same plans—"

"And principles," interrupted Abel, laying his head back, and looking with half-closed eyes at the vanishing smoke.

"Oh yes, I was coming to that—in the same plans and principles, it is well that we should understand each other perfectly."

General Belch paused, looked at Abel, and took snuff.

"I think we do already," replied Abel.

"Still there are one or two points to which I would call your attention. In preparing your speech there are two great points to remember. One is, that you can not be too careful of what you say in regard to its bearing upon the party; and the other is, a general rule that the Public is an ass, but you must never let it know you think so. If there is one thing which the party has practically proved, it is that the people have no will of their own, but are sheep in the hands of the shepherd."

The General took snuff again.

"The Public, then, is an ass and a sheep?" inquired Abel.

"Yes," said the General, "an ass in capacity, and in preference of a thistle diet; a sheep in gregarious and stupid following. You say 'Ca, ca, ca,' when you want a cow to follow you, and you say 'Glorious old party,' and 'Intelligence of the people,' and 'Preference of truth to victory,' and so forth, when you want the people to follow you."

"An ass, a sheep, and a cow," said Abel. "To what other departments of natural history do the people belong, General?"

"Adders," returned Belch, sententiously.

"How so?" asked Abel, amused.

"Because they are so cold and ungrateful," said the General.

"As when, for instance," returned Abel, "the Honorable Watkins Bodley, having faithfully served his constituency, is turned adrift by—by—the people."

He looked at Belch and laughed. The fat nose of the General glistened.

"No, no," said he, "your illustration is at fault. He did not faithfully serve his constituency. He was not sound upon the great Grant question."—The two gentlemen laughed together and filled their glasses.

THE ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING—THE PRINCE OF WALES AT OXFORD.—[FROM PUNCH.]

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

"No, no," resumed the General, "never forget that the great thing is drill—discipline. Keep the machinery well oiled, and your hand upon the crank, and all goes well."

"Until somebody knocks off your hand," said Abel.

"Yes, of course—of course; but that is the very point. The fight is never among the sheep, but only among the shepherds. Look at our splendid system, beginning with Tom, Jim, and Ned, and culminating in the President—the roots rather red and unsightly, but oh! such a pretty flower, all broadcloth, kid gloves, and affability—contemplate the superb machinery," continued the General, warming, "the primaries, the ward committees, the—in fact, all the rest of it—see how gloriously it works—the great result of the working of the whole is—"

"To establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our posterity," interrupted Abel, who had been scanning the Constitution, and who delivered the words with a rhetorical pomp of manner.

General Belch smiled approvingly.

"That's it—that's the very tone. You'll do. The great result is, who shall have his hand on the crank. And there are, therefore, always three parties in our beloved country."

Abel looked inquiringly.

"First, the party of the *ins*, who are in two bodies—the clique that have, and the clique that haven't. They fight like fury among themselves, but when they meet t'other great party they all fight together, because the hopes of the crank for each individual of each body lie in the party itself, and in their obedience to its discipline. These are two of the parties. Then there is the great party of the *outs*, who have a marvelous unanimity, and never break up into quarrelsome bodies until there is a fair chance of the party's ousting the *ins*. I say these things not because they are not pretty obvious, but because, as a man of fashion and society, you have probably not attended to these things. It's very dirty work for a gentleman. But I suppose any of us would be willing to pick a gold eagle out of the mud, even if we did soil our fingers; and I have no doubt a diver would dive into a sea of bilge-water if he could have the pearl he found at the bottom."

"Of course," replied Abel, in a tone that General Belch did not entirely comprehend—"of course no gentleman knows any thing of politics, or is conscious of the condition of his country. Gentlemen are the natural governors of a country; and where they are not erected into a hereditary governing class, self-respect forbids them to mix with inferior men. Good Heavens! what gentleman would be guilty of being an alderman in this town! Why, as you know, my dear Belch, nothing but my reduced circumstances induces me to demean myself by going to Congress. By-the-by—"

"Well, what is it?" asked the General.

"I'm dreadfully hard up," said Abel. "I have just the d—est luck you ever conceived, and I must raise some money."

The fat nose glistened again, while the General sat silently pondering.

"I can lend you a thousand," he said, at length.

"Thank you. It will oblige me very much."

"Upon conditions," added the General.

"Conditions?" asked Abel, surprised.

"I mean understandings," said the General.

"Oh! certainly," answered Abel.

"You pledge yourself to me and our friends that you will at the earliest moment move in the matter of the grant—you engage to secure the votes somehow, relying upon the pecuniary aid of our friends who are interested—and you will repay me out of your first receipts. Ele will stand by you through thick and thin. We keep him there for that purpose."

"My dear Belch, I promise any thing you require. I only want the money."

"Give me your hand, Newt. From the bottom of my soul I do respect a man who has no scruples."

They shook hands heartily, and filling their glasses they drank "Success!" The General then wrote a check and a little series of instructions, which he gave to Abel, while Abel himself scribbled an I.O.U., which the General laid in his pocket-book.

"You'll have an eye on Ele," said the General, as he buttoned his coat.

"Certainly—two if you want," answered Abel, lazily, repeating the joke.

"He's a good fellow, Ele is," said Belch, "but he's largely interested, and he'll probably try to chouse us out of something by affecting superior influence. You must patronize him to the other men. Keep him well under. I have a high respect for cellar stairs, but they mustn't try to lead up to the roof. Good-by. Hail Newt! Senator that shall be!" laughed the General, as he shook hands and followed his fat nose out of the door.

Left to himself, Abel walked for some time up and down his room with his hands buried in his pocket and a sneering smile upon his face. He suddenly drew one hand out, raised it, clenched it, and brought it down heavily in the air, as he muttered, contemptuously,

"What a stupid fool! I wonder if he never thinks, as he looks in the glass, that that fat nose of his is made to lead him by."

For the sagacious and fat-nosed General had omitted to look at the little paper he handed to him, thinking it would be hardly polite to do so under the circumstances. But if he had looked he would have seen that the exact sum they had spoken of had been forgotten, and a very inconsiderable amount was specified.

It had flashed across Abel's mind in a moment that if the General subsequently discovered it and were disposed to make trouble, the disclosure of the paper of instructions which he had written, and which Abel had in his possession, would ruin his hopes of political financiering. "And as for my election, why I have my certificate in my pocket."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

MIDNIGHT.

GRADUALLY the sneer faded from Abel's face, and he walked up and down the room, no longer carelessly, but fitfully; stopping sometimes—again starting more rapidly—then leaning against the mantle, on which the clock pointed to midnight—then throwing himself into a chair, or upon a sofa; and so rising again he walked on.

His head bent forward—his eyes grew rounder and harder, and seemed to be burnished with the black, bad light—his step imperceptibly grew stealthy—he looked about him carefully—he stood erect and breathless to listen—bit his nails, and walked on.

The clock upon the mantle pointed to half an hour after midnight. Abel Newt went into his chamber and put on his slippers. He lighted a candle and looked carefully under the bed and in the closet. Then he drew the shades over the windows and went out into the other room, closing and locking the door behind him.

He glided noiselessly to the door that opened into the entry, and locked that softly and bolted it carefully. Then he turned the key so that the wards filled the keyhole, and taking out his handkerchief he hung it over the knob of the door, so that it fell across the keyhole, and no eye could by any chance have peered into the room.

He saw that the blinds of the windows were closed—the windows shut and locked, and the linen shades drawn over them. He also let fall the heavy damask curtains, so that the windows were obliterated from the room. He stood in the centre of the room and looked every where that, by any chance, a person might be concealed.

Then moving upon tip-toe he drew a key from his pocket and fitted it into the lid of a secretary. As he turned it in the lock the snap of the bolt made him start. He was haggard, even ghastly, as he stood, letting the lid back slowly, lest it should creak or jar. With another key he opened a little drawer, and looking behind him as he did so, took out a small piece of paper, which he concealed in his hand.

Seating himself at the secretary, he put the candle before him, and remained for a moment with his face slightly strained forward with a startling intentness of listening. There was no sound but the regular ticking of the clock upon the mantle. He had not observed it before, but now he could hear nothing else.

Tick, tick. Tick, tick. It had a persistent, relentless, remorseless regularity. Tick, tick. Tick, tick. Every moment it appeared to be louder and louder. His brow wrinkled and his head bent forward more deeply, while his eyes were set straight before him. Tick, tick. Tick, tick. The solemn beat became human as he listened. He could not raise his head—he could not turn his eyes. He felt as if some awful shape stood over him with destroying eyes and inflexible tongue. But struggling, without moving, as a dreamer wrestles with the nightmare, he presently sprang bolt upright—his eyes wide and wild—the sweat oozing upon his ghastly forehead—his whole frame weak and quivering. With the same suddenness he turned defiantly, clenching his fists, in act to spring.

There was nothing there. He saw only the clock—the gilt pendulum regularly swinging—he heard only the regular tick, tick; tick, tick.

A sickly smile glimmered on his face as he stepped toward the mantle, still clutching the paper in his hand, but crouching as he came, and leering, as if to leap upon an enemy unawares. Suddenly he started as if struck—a stifled shriek of horror burst from his lips—he staggered back—his hand opened—the paper fell fluttering to the floor. Abel Newt had unexpectedly seen the reflection of his face in the mirror that covered the chimney behind the clock.

He recovered himself—swore bitterly, and stooped to pick up the paper. Then with sullen bravado, still staring at his reflection in the glass, he took off the glass shade of the clock, touched the pendulum and stopped it; then turning his back, crept to his chair, and sat down again.

The silence was profound, not a sound was audible but the creaking of his clothes as he leaned heavily against the edge of the desk and drew his agitated breath. He raised the candle and bent his gloomy face over the paper which he held before him. It was a note of his late firm indorsed by Lawrence Newt & Co. He gazed at his uncle's signature intently, studying every line, every dot—so intently that it seemed as if his eyes would burn it. Then putting down the candle and spreading the note before him, he drew a sheet of tissue paper from a drawer and placed it over it. The writing was perfectly legible—the finest stroke showed through the thin tissue. He filled a pen and carefully drew the lines of the signature upon the tissue paper. Then raised it—the fac-simile was perfect.

Taking a thicker piece of paper, he laid the note before him, and slowly, carefully, copied the signature. The result was a resemblance, but nothing more. He held the paper in the flame of the candle until it was consumed. He tried again. He tried many times. Each trial was a greater success.

Tearing a check from his book he filled the blanks and wrote below the name of Lawrence Newt & Co., and found upon comparison with the indorsement that it was very like. Abel Newt grinned; his lips moved: he was muttering "Dear Uncle Lawrence."

He stopped writing, and carefully burned, as before, the check and all the paper. Then covering his face with his hands as he sat, he said to himself, as the hot, hurried thoughts flickered through his mind,

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Lawrence Newt, I shall not be master of Pinewood, but I shall be of your husband, and he will be master of your property. Practice makes perfect. Dear Uncle Lawrence shall be my banker."

His brain reeled and whirled as he sat. He remembered the words of his friend the General: "Abel Newt was not born to fail."

"No, by God!" he shouted, springing up, and clenching his hands.

He staggered. The walls of the room, the floor, the ceiling, the furniture heaved and rolled before his eyes. In the wild tumult that overwhelmed his brain as if he were sinking in gurgling whirlpools—the peaceful lawn of Pinewood—the fight with Gabriel—the running horses—the "farewell forever, Miss Wayne"—the shifting chances of his subsequent life—Grace Plumer blazing with diamonds—the figure of his father drumming with white fingers upon his office-desk—Lawrence and Gabriel pushing him out—they all swept before his consciousness in the moment during which he threw out his hands wildly, clutched at the air, and plunged headlong upon the floor, senseless.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

SECRETS.

AMY WARING waited patiently until either Lawrence Newt or Hope Wayne should tell her that they were engaged. Nobody suspected her secret; for she did not carry it in her face, nor believe that life was altogether a tragedy and the world a failure, because she had loved a man, who, as was entirely natural, loved another woman. She did not blame Lawrence Newt for having so constantly alluded to the probable attachment of Arthur Merlin and Hope Wayne.

"A man can not tell that he is going to fall in love, I suppose—any more than a woman," she said to herself whenever she thought of it. "And he never gave me any reason to suppose that—that—that he was not going to love Hope Wayne," she said, when she held with herself the most painfully interesting conversations of her life, which often took place when she was engaged in talking with other people.

"Dear Amy," her cousin Ellen Bennet said to her, "what a sweet, sunny temperament you have! Nothing ever disturbs you. You seem to have walked over roses all your life, and never to have known a sorrow. What a blessing to be made so equable!"

Amy Waring smiled, and said,

"Yes, it is a blessing. A happy temperament is the best of all talismans."

The cousins sewed quietly on.

"When are you to be married, Ellen?"

"I don't know exactly. You know Edward is only a clerk."

"But he has a kind master, I believe," said Amy, smiling.

"Yes, I think if there be such a thing Edward has found it."

"Do you speak of the junior partner?" asked Amy, pleasantly.

"No, I do not, but of the senior. I mean, of course, the firm; for I never knew two men so matched in spirit and tastes as Lawrence Newt and Gabriel. Why doesn't Hope Wayne take him?"

"What?" asked Amy.

"Why, it's in the books, you know—it must be that they are going to marry each other, and I don't think they've any time to lose."

"I suppose it will all come right in due time," replied Amy, busily working.

"Amy," said Ellen, after a pause, during which there was incessant stitching.

"Well, dear," replied Amy, but felt that she winced a little at something in the tone with which Ellen spoke.

"Do you know I used to think when you and Lawrence Newt were at our house so much together that he wanted to marry you?"

Ellen said it with a half amused air, while her busy needle moved on.

"Me, dear?"

"Yes, you."

"Why, Ellen, what a strange idea! Mr. Newt and I have always been good friends; and I am sure I don't see how he can help being in love with Hope Wayne."

"Oh no! nor I, I'm sure," answered Ellen, with alacrity.

"I don't wonder that he wants to marry her," continued Amy.

"Of course not—no indeed," said Ellen, with ardor, as if she were thinking of the utter impossibility of his ever having known of the existence of another woman.

Was it with some vague, remote hope that Ellen would not speak of it as a matter so entirely beyond question, but might give him a little less absolutely to Hope Wayne that Amy, who was quite pale, persisted?

"No, it would certainly be strange if he did not."

As Amy repeated the words a sudden light shot into Ellen's eyes. She turned and looked with surprise at her cousin:

"Why, Amy, it is Hope Wayne, then?"

"Hope Wayne—what do you mean?" asked Amy.

"Why, it is Hope Wayne who makes the dif-

CAN IT BE POSSIBLE?

ficulty, and will not have him! Gracious, gracious! I suppose she thinks him too old. He isn't so very, very old, I'm sure; and whatever his years may be, his heart is as young as mine or yours, Amy."

"Younger than mine, dear," said Amy Waring, kindly.

Ellen was touched by the indefinable tenderness with which these words were spoken. The tears came into her eyes, and laying down her work she put her arm around Amy's waist. As she did so, Amy looked at her with the calm, womanly brown eyes, and smiled thoughtfully. Then she said, in a gayer tone, as she cut her work with the scissors and seemed to be concentrating all her powers upon cutting a straight line,

"Ellen, I am, as you know, and as you said just now, cheerful by nature; but it does not follow, because some of us are cheerful by nature, that therefore all cheerful people have had no sad experience. I don't speak of myself, but of the rule."

"Oh! I know that," replied Ellen, and the two sat for some time in silence. Ellen's busy little brain was leaping and darting from fancy to fancy, and her brisk fingers in sewing were humorously contrasted with Amy Waring's sedater hand. Suddenly she dropped her work into her lap, wheeled round upon Amy, caught her face between her hands, kissed her, and looking her full in the eyes, exclaimed,

"You dear darling! why were you never married?"

Amy's calm face blushed and grew pale. She did not try to escape, and her serene eyes returned the eager, affectionate gaze of her cousin. The same serenity presently overspread her whole face, and she said, and somehow felt a strange pleasure in saying, for she trusted Ellen entirely,

"Let me show you!"

Ellen released her lovely prize, and Amy, rising quietly, went to her bureau, opened the drawer, and took out the sheet of white paper tied with the pure white bridal ribbon. An hour before she would have supposed she could more readily lose her life than breathe a suspicion of her secret. Now it was with a sort of tranquillity, a kind of saintly resignation, a feeling of willing renunciation, as if the very guarding of such a secret were a luxury and indulgence she ought not to enjoy—a contented consciousness that her victory was perfect because she was willing to tell another how she had struggled—that she held the paper in her hand, and answered Ellen's question by saying,

"Because the man who gave me the flowers in this paper loved some one else."

Ellen was frightened by the tremendous secret she had unexpectedly extorted. She looked at the paper, and said, timidly,

"And you keep his flowers?"

"Why not?"

"Why, when you discovered they did not mean what you thought they meant—"

"Well?"

"Then—then—you couldn't keep them because he loved you—"

"No, but because I loved him," replied Amy, in a low, melancholy voice.

She returned the little package to its place.

"Ellen," said she, pleasantly, as she came back to her seat beside her cousin, "I have answered your question. It is something never to be mentioned to me, because no mention would ever do any good. Let us never speak of it again, for now you know how I love you."

"I will not," replied Ellen, "after I have said that I can not comprehend how any man whom you could love did not marry you. You and Hope Wayne are the only perfect women I know, and I should think a man would, if he could, rather marry you, because you have a sort of tenderness that she has not. Why, dear me!" she said, suddenly, "I see how it is—it is because she has had no suffering, she has always been rich, beautiful, and worshiped."

Amy Waring smiled.

"Why, Ellen, you began by saying that I had never had any trouble. Darling, we know nothing about it."

Ellen Bennet laughed, and said that Amy was right, as she always was. Presently she began to look at the clock, as if she were a little impatient, and wished nobody to discover it.

"What time will he come?" asked Amy.

"He said he would stop on his way up about four," answered Ellen, innocently.

"Black hair and eyes always keep tryst," said Amy.

The cousins laid aside their work, and Ellen began slowly to put on her bonnet and shawl. But as she stood before the bureau looking at the mirror she saw a little sketch which always stood there, a small copy of the portrait in Mrs. Bennet's parlor. The girl stopped for a few moments as she saw it, and then quietly taking it in her hand she turned it round before Amy's face and asked,

"Who looks like that?"

Amy studied it for a moment. Her face suddenly lost its sedate expression. She took the sketch hastily and gazed at it intently, changed color, and said to herself, in profound and perplexed amazement,

"Can it be possible?"

Ellen in turn was not less interested and apprehensive:

"Whom does it look like?" asked she, eagerly.

"Edward Wynne," answered Amy, still holding the sketch and studying it.

"Is that so very remarkable?" inquired Ellen, doubtfully.

"Yes, it is remarkable, when it is so marked, and when you think who this is, and who it is that resembles her. Edward Wynne, or Gabriel's school-fellow, Little Malacca, did not know then, and does not know now, any thing about his parents, and our Aunt Martha—"

Ellen's eyes opened wide with eager attention. As Amy Waring saw her she reflected a moment, and said,

"It is curious that two secrets should come out to-day. But this one, at least, could not be forever concealed. Your mother never told you the story of Aunt Martha?"

"No, I never heard it. I only knew it was something sad, and we never heard her name at home."

"Well, Ellen, I think you ought to know it, for if I am not greatly mistaken our family is on the eve of rejoicing over her that was lost and is found again."

The same open-eyed eagerness kept Ellen silent.

"Our Aunt Martha Darro was one of the most beautiful of women, but willful and passion[illegible] She was the gayest of belles, the most dan[illegible]quettes. Many women play that gam[illegible]e. She played and lost. There ca[illegible]body, I don't know his name. She began to flirt, and ended by the most passionate attachment. It was sudden and swift. One day a note was found in her room. 'I am betrayed, I have destroyed myself!' Since then she has been to us all as dead."

The phrase was obscure. Ellen looked doubtfully at her cousin.

"And isn't she dead?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Ellen, will you promise me silence, for the present?"

"Absolute."

"Aunt Martha is not dead."

Ellen Bennet drew a long breath, felt faint, and sank into a chair. But she did not take her eyes off Amy's face, saying, slowly,

"And you believe Edward Wynne—"

"Is her son—"

"And our cousin."

Amy Waring seated herself by Ellen and took her hand, and said, cheerfully,

"What then?"

Ellen could not but smile as she perceived the same good faith in Amy with which her father had asked the question.

"Can't he be your husband?" asked Amy.

"It isn't that," said Ellen. "But when I saw his likeness to the portrait, and remembered that he knew nothing of his parents, I felt as if he were somehow a central part of the mystery that has always hung over the portrait. Besides," she added, after a little pause, the old happy look beginning to break through the clouds of doubt, "I'm not quite sure that it's proper to marry a cousin."

"You darling skeptic," exclaimed Amy, "I know somebody who will teach you that it is perfectly proper. His name is—"

There was a knock at the door. It was a servant who said, when Amy opened it,

"Please, ma'am, Mr. Wynne is down stairs."

"There! it takes two people to tell you who," said Amy. "But, Ellen, remember. Don't speak till I give you leave, or Aunt Martha may be dead to us after all. I have known about it for a long time. But she told me if I ever betrayed her that she would disappear again. So I had nothing to do but to try to restore her, and I am sure I don't believe I should ever have succeeded in doing so by myself."

"Who helped you, in the name of pity?" asked Ellen.

"Lawrence Newt," replied Amy, in a lower tone.

Ellen turned from the door at which she stood with a lovely light of expectation in her eyes, and, as if the name reminded her, although no name had been mentioned during the confession Amy had made, she went up to her and kissed her, and said, gently,

"No, dear Amy, I will never think of it again."

She glided out of the room. Amy Waring stood musing.

"Did she mean she would never think again of the story of Aunt Martha, or—or—?"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE LATE STATE ELECTION.

WITH regard to the recent election in this State, it is pretty certain that Mr. Jones, the Democratic nominee, has been chosen Secretary of State, and it is not improbable that the entire Utica ticket has been successful.

MEXICAN OUTRAGE IN TEXAS.

Letters in New Orleans papers, from Corpus Christi, dated the 7th instant, state that Brownsville was taken by Cortinas on the 31st ult., after a hand-to-hand fight which lasted five hours; and the War Department has received a dispatch from General Twiggs, Commander of the Texas Military Department, dated San Antonio, 12th instant, which states that an express had just arrived from Rio Grande City, with intelligence that Cortinas had laid Brownsville in ashes, and killed one hundred American citizens. It was further stated that Cortinas, at the head of eight hundred men, was marching toward the Nueces River. The War Department were not disposed to give entire credence to the report of General Twiggs.

NEW EXCITEMENT AT HARPER'S FERRY.

The excitement caused by the Harper's Ferry foray has broken out afresh. According to the dispatches it is evident that at Charlestown, Harper's Ferry, Richmond, and other towns in Virginia, the people are feverishly apprehensive of an attempt to rescue Old Brown and his fellow-culprits. The burning of several barns and outhouses in the vicinity of Charlestown, which were, it is believed, fired by sympathizing friends of the conspirators, has served to confirm the fears of the citizens. In this state of affairs Governor Wise has ordered troops to proceed to Charlestown forthwith to guard the prisoners and preserve the peace. Great excitement exists in Virginia, though at the latest dates no plot had been discovered.

JOHN BROWN IN PRISON.

A lady, who visited Charlestown to assist Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, obtained two interviews with John Brown, the first of an hour, and the other for a shorter period.

Mrs. —— on entering, found Captain Brown lying on a cot, and Stephens on a large bed. Captain Brown arose from his bed to receive his guests, and stood a few moments leaning against the bedstead, immediately lying down again from weakness. His visitors were struck with the cheerfulness of his expression, and the calmness of his manner. He seemed not only passively resigned to his fate, but cheerful under it, and more than willing to meet it.

She said to him,

"I expected Mrs. Child would be here to introduce me; I am sorry not to find her, for her presence would make this room brighter for you."

He smiled, and replied,

"I have written to her the reasons why she should not come; but she was very kind—very kind!"

Some questions were then asked as to the treatment and care he had received; to which he said,

"I wish it to be understood by every body that I have been very kindly attended; for if I had been under the care of father or brother I could not have been better treated than by Captain Avis and his family."

Captain Avis is the jailer, of whom all the reports speak in high terms for his humane and courteous conduct, not only to these, but to all prisoners.

When another allusion was made to Mrs. Child, Captain Brown remarked,

"The reason why I did not wish her to come, and why I did not wish my wife to come, was for fear lest they would be harassed and annoyed, and that on this account I would be troubled myself."

HIS STATE OF MIND.

Mrs. —— had carried with her into the jail a large bunch of autumn leaves, gathered in the morning from the woods. There was no nail on the wall to hang them by, and she arranged them between the grated bars of the window. She gave to the sufferer a full-blown rose, which he laid beside his cheek on his pillow. The old man seemed to be greatly touched with these tokens of thoughtfulness. He is said to have always been a great lover of nature, particularly of the grandeur of forest scenes.

Mrs. —— drew a chair near his bedside, and taking out her knitting, sat by him for an hour. She has preserved his complete conversation, of which I can give only a small portion. She says:

"I never saw a person who seemed less troubled or excited, or whose mind was less disturbed and more clear. His remarks are pointed, pithy, and sensible. He is not in the least sentimental, and seems to have singularly excellent common sense about every thing."

HIS PRINCIPLES ON SLAVERY.

She asked him the direct question—"Were you actuated, in any degree, in undertaking your late enterprise, by a feeling of revenge?" adding that a common impression to that effect had gone abroad.

He manifested much surprise at this statement, and after pausing a moment, replied:

"I am not conscious of ever having had a feeling of revenge; no, not in all the wrong done to me and my family in Kansas. But I can see that a thing is wrong and wicked, and can help to right it, and can even hope that those who do the wrong may be punished, and still have no feeling of revenge. No, I have not been actuated by any spirit of revenge."

He talked a good deal about his family, manifesting solicitude for their comfort after he was gone, but expressing his great confidence and trust in God's kind providence in their behalf.

When some allusion was made to the sentence which he had received, he said, very deliberately and firmly, and, as my friend says, "almost sublimely:"

"I do not think I can better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it!"

She says that she can never forget the impressive manner in which he uttered these solemn words. She replied:

"It is not the hardest thing that can happen to a brave man to die; but it must be a great hardship for an active man to lie on his back in prison, disabled by wounds. Do you not dread your confinement, and are you not afraid that it may wear you down, or cause you to relax your convictions, or regret your attempt, or make your courage fail?"

"I can not tell," he replied, "what weakness may come over me; but I do not think that I shall deny my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, as I certainly should if I denied my principles against slavery."

When the conversation had proceeded thus far, as it was known outside the jail that a Northern lady was inside, a crowd began to collect, and although no demonstration of violence was made, yet there were manifest indications of impatience; so that the Sheriff called to the jailer, and the jailer was obliged to put an end to the interview.

SAFETY OF THE "NORTH STAR."

The following is a copy of the glad tidings which the telegraph brought on Thursday morning:

"CHARLESTON, *Thursday, November* 17, 1859.

"A letter to the Charleston *Courier*, dated Nassau, New Providence, November 9, states that the steamer *North Star*, from New York for Aspinwall, got ashore about the 25th of October, on French Keys, and remained on the Keys six or seven days, but finally got off without extra assistance by throwing over some coal, and with loss of anchors, and proceeded on her voyage on the 2d inst."

The Planas, or French Keys, where the steamship *North Star* got on shore on her passage from this port to Aspinwall, are two Keys of the Mariguana Passage, on the route to Aspinwall, and nineteen miles west of the west end of Mariguana, one of the most northern of the Bahama Islands. This is the passage used by sailing vessels outward-bound, and by steamers on their passages to and from Aspinwall.

GERRIT SMITH'S INSANITY.

Thurlow Weed, speaking through *The Journal*, of the lamentable insanity of Gerrit Smith, says:

"With those who have known Gerrit Smith longest and most intimately, his present melancholy condition is more a matter of regret than of surprise. His mind has hovered upon the borders of insanity for more than a quarter of a century. His physical health was destroyed, many years ago, by his peculiar habits and views in regard to temperance and diet.

"Gerrit Smith was by nature munificently endowed. We knew him first in 1814, then wooing and winning Wealthy Backus, his first wife; and neither before nor since have we seen a nobler specimen of manhood. To highly intellectual gifts he added a form and face of surpassing beauty,

"'Whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.'

"Then ardent, generous, and, as ever, impulsive, he lived for several years in the quiet enjoyment of refined social and domestic happiness. Though early bereaved of an accomplished wife, he was subsequently restored to all the endearments of home by a marriage with a daughter of the late Colonel Fitzhugh, an equally estimable lady.

"Some thirty years ago—then a young man of great promise, buoyant in spirits, and looking at the bright side of all the scenery of life, he was an unsuccessful candidate for the State Senate. That disappointment disturbed the heretofore 'even tenor of his way,' and tinged the future of his whole life. He looked less hopefully upon men and things. He became, as he believed, a philanthropist; but it was the philanthropy less of charity than of force. From an ardent Colonizationist, he became an ultra Abolitionist; and his persuasive zeal for Temperance changed to coercive measures in favor of Prohibition. Of his ample fortune, he dispensed in aid of Abolitionism and Temperance with more liberality than wisdom. Both his perverted talents and his misapplied money injured the objects he sought to promote.

"Mr. Smith has lived for nearly thirty years in a state of political hallucination. The delusion culminated last year, when, greatly excited, he devoted his time and money to a canvass which he believed was to result in his election as Governor, while every other person in the State *knew* that he was wasting his strength and his means. That disappointment left him too well prepared, in body and mind, for the shock which has overthrown his too long unbalanced intellect.

"The Harper's Ferry insurrection was an attempt to carry the teachings of prominent Abolitionists into practical effect. It was foreshadowed in a letter from Mr. Smith to the 'Jerry Rescuers.' That he ever really intended slaves should rise, rob, and murder, we do not believe; but in speeches and letters he indulged in language which bears no other construction. Unfortunately, 'Osawattomie Brown,' driven to madness by Slavery oppression and outrage, was too ready to carry into practice the principles which others were only reckless enough to teach.

"In the mean time, with knowledge of the noble and generous nature of Gerrit Smith, we can not but deeply deplore the dispensation which deprives him of reason. His giant mind, ever too active, wildly possessed by ONE IDEA, has finally, by various 'declensions,' fallen

"'Into the madness wherein now he raves.
* * * * * *
O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword:
The expectancy and core of the fair State,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers; quite, quite down.'"

A TOUCHING STORY.

The Albany *Morning Times* relates the following, wherein a citizen of New York performed a highly creditable part:

"Nearly every body knows 'Little Jimmy,' the blind newsboy, a bright, intelligent, and cheerful lad of ten years. Mr. Britton, of the Stanwix, has given him exclusive permission to sell his papers in the house, and he is a favorite with and well patronized by those frequenting it. 'Jimmy' plays on the piano and sings finely, and, we understand, has learned to do both without any regular instruction. Yesterday, several of the gentlemen at the Stanwix were interested in conversing with him, when he asked permission of Mr. Peck to go into the parlor and play and sing for them. It was granted, and quite a number went up with him. Sitting down to the instrument he touched it beautifully, and commenced his song. It was a sweet, plaintive, touching song, rendered with such beauty and feeling that, ere finished, the little fellow, could he have seen, would have found tears in the eyes of every one present—tears that came without restraint, and such as do the strong man credit, for they were of the heart. At the conclusion one of the gentlemen, Mr. Y——, of New York, drew from his pocket-book twenty-five dollars and presented it to the lad. 'Jimmy' was overjoyed at the generous gift, and his gratitude, we'll be bound, fully repaid the generous donor. He declared himself 'the richest boy that ever was,' and started off, happy as a king, to tell his mother his good fortune. It is just such little incidents as these that make us think so well of the world."

A CONDUCTOR ON A COW-CATCHER.

We read in the Harrisburg *Patriot:* "As one of the freight trains coming east rounded a sharp curve near Barree Siding, a station about twelve miles west of Huntingdon, the engineer saw a small child sitting in the middle of the track, playing, unconscious of its danger. He instantly whistled down brakes and reversed his engine, but the weight of the train and the high speed at which it was running rendered it impossible to stop before reaching the child, which must inevitably have been crushed to death. In this emergency, when most men would have stood paralyzed with horror, the conductor of the train, Mr. Daniel M'Coy, with steadiness of nerve that has few parallels, ran to the front of the engine, crawled down on the cow-catcher, and, holding himself with one hand, leaned as far forward as possible, and, as he approached the child, with a sweeping blow of the other he threw it off the track. It was the work of an instant, and required a steady hand and cool head to accomplish it; but he was equal to the emergency. The train was immediately stopped, and on going back the child was found lying at the foot of a small embankment, some twenty or thirty feet from the track of the road, alive and kicking, but somewhat stunned and bruised. The child belonged to a farmer named Neff, residing immediately along the road."

PERSONAL.

The Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum and Free Schools of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy, on a cold night in January, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession, his host had died; the cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and tenacious gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easy to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity;" and Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill throughout the house, "that orphan boy stands before you!"

On the 28th of last month, Lord Brougham being in Edinburgh, and desirous of visiting the place of his birth and the scenes of his early youth, proceeded alone to No. 21 St. Andrew's Square, in which house he was born. He went through every room in both flats of the house, and looked out of the window at which more than seventy years ago he was wont to sit and gaze on the scenery of the Forth.

The Cincinnati *Times*, noticing the dangerous illness of Senator Douglas, says: "The excitement through which he has passed in the last six years would seem to be enough to break down any man. Mr. Douglas, however, has a constitution of iron. He has often lived many successive days without sleep. In Washington he is generally permitted to sleep a little in the early part of the morning; but his acquaintance is so extensive and his business so various, he profits less than any other man we ever knew by

"'Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.'

Though he has a strong constitution, however, he is just the man to be carried off by a sudden attack of fever."

A wedding in bank-stock-and-bond-mortgage-life took place in St. Louis last week. The groom, James White Kennett, is the oldest son of Colonel Frederick Kennett, and the bride Miss Helen Farrar, niece of Colonel John O'Fallon. The families and relations of the wedded pair are said to represent at least $10,000,000.

One of the most highly esteemed citizens of Chicago, a gentleman noted in all the walks of benevolence, was last week blessed by the birth of a son. He was instantly named John Brown, and in a few weeks will be publicly christened in that name.

The *Evening Journal* says that a well-informed gentleman, whose business takes him frequently to Cuba, assures it that Señor Oviedo, of "Diamond Marriage" memory, is worth only from $150,000 to $200,000; but expects, from maiden sisters, as much more.

Mr. Thorburn (a son of old Grant Thorburn), well-known as a seedsman and horticulturist, will probably, says the Boston *Journal*, soon be called to Mount Vernon to superintend the restoration of those hallowed grounds laid out by Washington.

The editor of the Lynn (Massachusetts) *Reporter* furnishes his readers an interesting account of a recent visit to Dungeon Rock, and his interview with Mr. Marble, who has been engaged for the last eight years in this singularly wild locality in the wilder attempt to obtain the treasure of Kidd, the freebooter. Guided in his labors at first by clairvoyants, and latterly by spiritualists, the deluded man has, with the assistance of his son, blasted a passage-way about eight feet in height and breadth, nearly a hundred feet in the solid rock. The last blast he made developed a fissure at the bottom—an unusual occurrence—from which issues a current of foul air that will extinguish a flame held over it. Mr. Marble be-

lieves he has less than ten feet to go to reach the long-sought cave.

Sir Francis S. Goldsmid has presented £100 sterling to the fund for the purchase of muskets for Garibaldi.

General Tom Thumb will be twenty-two years old in January next. He resides in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he owns a fine house on the main street, valued at over $50,000. He drives a pony which he says will travel a mile in three minutes.

A Rochester girl, named Frances M'Kinney, procured the arrest of a faithless lover who had deserted her in her shame. During his courtship he told her that he had once taken a solemn oath, to please a friend, that he would never marry except upon the condition that she at length acceded to. Before the magistrate the fellow offered to marry the girl, and thus put an end to the proceedings; but she hesitated, and then refused the offer outright. She thought that a man who had deceived her once could not be trusted, and that she had better have nothing to do with him.

The late George Brown, of Baltimore, left by his will $400,000 in the hands of his widow to be appropriated to benevolent objects as she should judge fit, and she has presented $30,000 to the Princeton Theological Seminary.

The Prairie du Chien (Wisconsin) *Leader* states that two young ladies, Miss Haskell and Miss Pool, when walking in the vicinity of Fancy Creek, Richland County, were pursued by two bears, one of which struck Miss Pool with his paw, tearing her breast to the bone, and causing her death in a few hours. Miss Haskell escaped with a few scratches. The bears were killed soon after.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE WRECK OF THE "ROYAL CHARTER."

BY the *City of Baltimore* we received brief accounts of the wreck of the screw steamship *Royal Charter*, and of the fearful loss of life involved therein. We are now in possession of graphic and copious details of the sad calamity.

It appears that the *Royal Charter*, when within two or three hours' sail of Liverpool (after a rapid passage from Melbourne), experienced the full fury of a terrible north-east gale, which prevailed all over England during the night of the 25th and 26th ult. The steam power of the vessel being merely auxiliary, it was insufficient to prevent her from being driven toward the shore, and as the water was rapidly shoaling, it became necessary, at about ten o'clock at night, to let go the anchors, guns having been previously fired and rockets discharged in the hope of attracting a pilot, but without success.

The gale meantime increased to a perfect hurricane, and at two o'clock in the morning the port anchor chain parted, and shortly afterward the ship was beating on the rocks in a place called Moelfra Bay, near Puffin Island, on the coast of Anglesea. The masts were cut away, but without any beneficial result.

THE VESSEL FOUNDERING.

About daylight (six o'clock) a sailor, with a cord tied around his waist, jumped overboard, and although the sea ran tremendously high, he succeeded in reaching and maintaining a footing on the rocky shore, which was not more than ten yards distant from the ship, but was almost perpendicular to the height of forty feet. A hawser was then got ashore, and a boatswain chair was attached to it, with a view of hauling the passengers and crew on shore. About a dozen seamen were by this means soon landed, and it was hoped that all on board might be saved.

At about seven o'clock, however, the waves beating against the ship's broadside with continued violence, she suddenly snapped asunder amidships and tumbled in pieces. As the passengers had mostly kept below, large numbers were killed by the crashing *débris*, and only twenty-six managed to get ashore, making the whole number saved only thirty-nine out of a total (passengers and crew) of 493.

The scene was terrible in the extreme. Many were washed on and off the rocks several times, and in numerous instances those who thought themselves secure on jutting rocks were hurled back into the sea by the furious waves.

Not a superior officer was saved, neither a woman nor child.

Captain Taylor exerted himself to the utmost, but was finally struck on the head, while struggling in the water, by a boat falling from the davits, and was seen no more.

HER PASSENGERS AND CARGO.

The destruction of the ship was rapid and complete, so that by eight o'clock nothing was visible but masses of wreck, mingled with bodies of the dead washed on the strand. The prostration of the telegraph wires, and the destruction by the sea of a portion of the Chester and Holyhead Railroad (which passes the locality), caused considerable delay in the reception of the news at Liverpool, and a consequent loss of time in sending tug-boats to the spot. The vessel had on board (supposed) 79,000 ounces of gold, besides a large number of sovereigns, estimated of the total value of from £500,000 to £800,000; and hopes were entertained that this might be recovered by divers.

The *Royal Charter* was an iron vessel of 2749 tons register, clipper built, and furnished with auxiliary screw engines. She was built in 1855, at a cost of over £90,000, and was insured for £80,000. Her general cargo was not very valuable—say £5000.

Of the persons on board the *Royal Charter* when she left Australia sixty-three were cabin passengers, 325 other passengers, and 123 crew—total, 511. Of these, seventeen passengers were landed at Queenstown, and thirty-nine were saved from the wreck; so that the total loss of life was 455. Among those reckoned as crew were eleven riggers, who were transferred from a tug-boat to the *Royal Charter* in the Channel for conveyance to Liverpool.

Insurances were being effected at Lloyd's on the bullion at twenty-five per cent. premium.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE CATASTROPHE.

Another writer says: "At about seven o'clock, the waves beating against her broadside with continued violence, she suddenly snapped asunder amidships, and tumbled in pieces like a house of cards.

"The scenes on board during the last hour were painful beyond description. Wives and husbands, children and parents, lovers and friends, were embracing each other with the consciousness that they were about to meet inevitable death.

"The Rev. Mr. Hodge, a clergyman from New Zealand, before this had commenced a prayer meeting in the saloon, which was earnestly participated in by most until the crash and ruin and the flooding of water rendered a panic universal. About twenty-six persons managed to get ashore, but it was more through Providence than design or ability, for they were all washed on the shelving rocks, and as narrowly escaped being washed back. Indeed, many were washed on and off several times, and many who thought they had secured land, or held fast by a jutting rock, were hurled back again to a watery grave.

"On the vessel breaking open numbers of people were to be seen floating about for a few minutes, but what with the strength of the waves, the masses of *débris* which covered the sea and struck many a brave and struggling man's brains out, but few were able to gain a firm hold of land.

"At eight o'clock in the morning nothing but the wreck scattered about and corpses left on the strand, revealed the terrible catastrophe that had befallen nearly 500 human beings, a few hours before glowing with joy at once again sighting the shores of Old England, for which they had toiled and saved, and satisfied that now the voyage in which they had almost circumnavigated the globe was safely ended, for they were in the bosom of their country. Indeed, so much had they satisfied themselves that the voyage was ended, that on the day before they presented the Captain with a piece of plate, for his uniform kindness and attention, and in the congratulatory speeches which followed the Captain pleasantly assured them that within twenty-four hours he expected to be on the lee side of Mrs. Taylor.

DEATH OF THE CAPTAIN.

"The Captain, however, succumbed to a sailor's fate. He was seen giving orders on deck with a spar lashed to him, so that he might be prepared to float. He was again seen struggling in the water, laying hold of a yard-arm, and it every now and then being washed from his grip. On recovering his spar, by a determined effort, he on two occasions cried out cheerfully, 'There is hope yet.' After this he and Mr. Dowie, the second officer, were seen on the lee side of the ship, struggling to reach the shore, when a boat fell from the davits and struck them both on the head, after which they were seen no more.

"One incident is related, that when the Captain had been struck prostrate on deck, exhausted, he saw the water steal a child from its mother's arms—a Jewess—and dash it about the deck. He cried out to the chief officer, Mr. Stevens, to give a hand there, and to lash the child by a rope, no doubt expecting at that time that help would be soon available."

THE SCENE OF THE WRECK.

We read in the Liverpool *Mercury* of October 28th: "Many persons visited the scene of the wreck yesterday, and were making anxious inquiries as to the fate of relatives and friends. For this purpose every facility was afforded. Some of the scenes arising out of these inquiries among those deprived of their nearest relatives and friends were affecting in the extreme. Shortly after the wreck, several of the bodies of the unfortunate sufferers by the calamity floated upon the beach; subsequently others were picked up, and the number amounted, at a late hour last evening, to twenty-six. Of these, five were females and two of them young children. The bodies were conveyed to Llanalgo Church, and carefully laid out on straw, so as to afford an opportunity for identification. Some had on their clothing, while others were only partially dressed, as though when the vessel struck they had been in their berths, and rushed suddenly to the deck in a state of alarm, on being made acquainted with the perilous position of the ill-fated ship. Many of the bodies bore evidence of injuries, probably sustained from being dashed against the rocks, or coming into violent contact with portions of the wreck. One man had nearly all his limbs broken, and the body had, as it were, to be gathered up. Another was without the head, and several were much bruised on various parts of the body. The Rev. Mr. Hughes, the minister of the church, showed every attention to those who desired to see the bodies for the purpose of identification. That the utmost time shall be allowed, the interments will be delayed as long as possible.

AGONY OF THE SURVIVORS.

"The whole scene of the wreck is an extremely melancholy one; but a peculiarly affecting incident took place to-day. A poor young woman was searching along the beach to endeavor to find some trace of her husband, about whose fate she was uncertain. She discovered a waistcoat which had just been washed in, and which had been hung up in front of the tent by one of the coast-guard. Almost frantically she pulled it down. It proved to be that of her husband, a man named Barrett, who had been painter aboard the *Royal Charter*. The grief of the poor widow was most heart-rending to witness. Some of the standers by, in an attempt to comfort her, suggested that she might be mistaken. 'Oh no,' said she, 'here is my own work upon it. My husband! my husband! God look down upon me!' Among those who anxiously inspected this relic was the Rev. Mr. Lewis, a Wesleyan clergyman. Two of his brothers were aboard the ship—one as purser. Their arrival at Queenstown had been telegraphed to their aged mother, who wrote to the reverend gentleman to meet them at Liverpool. He now, poor fellow, paces the shore at Moelfra Bay to watch for the dead bodies."

HOW THE "GREAT EASTERN" STOOD THE GALE.

A dispatch from London to Liverpool, dated on the 29th ult., just before the *Asia* sailed, says:

"The London *Times* correspondent on board the *Great Eastern* reports the effect of the gale.

"Captain Harrison and the whole crew were at their posts ready to run the ship out if necessary.

"Between two and three o'clock the wind almost equaled the force of a hurricane, at times jerking at the masts as if it would snap them off at the deck, making the *Great Eastern* tremble perceptibly throughout her immense length and breadth as if some giant hand were shaking her.

"Captain Harrison's water-proof coat was blown to ribbons off him, and he himself at last carried before the gale, and blown down and tumbled along with such violence as to receive some severe contusions.

"The saloon skylights were blown up, and wind and rain poured into the saloon. The upper wood-work was leaking at every sea, and the lower decks soft and splashing from the drippings.

"Three anchors were down, and appeared taut to the very utmost.

"At six the breakwater works were giving way—portions of the wreck once or twice fouling the screw, and it was found necessary to swing by one anchor.

"At 10.30 A.M. it parted, and the ship was adrift, rolling and tumbling toward the shore.

"A second heavy anchor was let go, and the screw moved ahead; but it again fouled. The paddles were then driven round at speed, and were somewhat damaged by the floating timbers. The anchor held. Two screw colliers, two brigs, two demmies, and one galliot all hung to the ship. In this last struggle some of the links of the cable were actually dragged out one-third longer."

A ROYAL ANECDOTE.

An anecdote is told in connection with the recent departure of the Queen and Royal Family from Edinburgh, on their way south. As the Sheriff of Edinburgh stood in shrieval dignity on the platform of the railway station, a lady sought audience of him. It was granted, and the lady proceeded to tell him that she had a little girl with her who was deeply in love with Prince Arthur, and that nothing on earth would satisfy her short of presenting Prince Arthur with a bouquet. The Sheriff pondered a moment, but was afraid he had not jurisdiction sufficient for the presentation of the bouquet; however, he would see. Accordingly he entered the royal carriage, and explained the matter to the Queen, pointing out to her the expectant young lady, who stood, a bewitching little creature, all blushes, hopes, and fears, on the platform. Her Majesty, with the utmost promptitude, declared her willingness for the bouquet scene, and said she would not for a moment "come between the two." Whereupon the Sheriff returned with the welcome tidings, and little Miss ——, stepping forward with the grace of Ferraris, presented her flowers, with a charming consciousness beaming from her child-face, which, no doubt, the youthful Prince fully appreciated.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR'S LETTER TO VICTOR EMANUEL.

The Paris correspondent of the *Times* states that he has received from a friend in Italy the following letter, addressed by the Emperor of the French, on the 20th instant, to the King of Sardinia, and he has no hesitation in guaranteeing its perfect authenticity:

"MONSIEUR MON FRERE.—I write to-day to your Majesty in order to set forth to you the present situation of affairs, to remind you of the past, and to settle with you the course which ought to be followed for the future. The circumstances are grave; it is requisite to lay aside illusions and sterile regrets, and to examine carefully the real state of affairs. Thus, the question is not now whether I have done well or ill in making peace at Villafranca, but rather to obtain from the treaty results the most favorable for the pacification of Italy and for the repose of Europe.

"Before entering on the discussion of this question, I am anxious to recall once more to your Majesty the obstacles which rendered every definite negotiation and every definitive treaty so difficult.

"In point of fact, war has often fewer complications than peace. In the former, two interests only are in presence of each other—the attack and the defense; in the latter, on the contrary, the point is to reconcile a multitude of interests—often of an opposite character. This is what actually occurred at the moment of peace. It was necessary to conclude a treaty that should secure in the best manner possible the independence of Italy, which should satisfy Piedmont and the wishes of the population, and yet which would not wound the Catholic sentiment or the rights of the Sovereigns in whom Europe felt an interest.

"I believed then that if the Emperor of Austria wished to come to a frank understanding with me, with a view of bringing about this important result, the causes of antagonism which for centuries had divided these two empires would disappear, and that the regeneration of Italy would be effected by common accord, and without further bloodshed.

HIS ITALIAN POLICY.

"I now state what are, in my opinion, the essential conditions of that regeneration:

"Italy to be composed of several independent States, united by a federal bond.

"Each of these States to adopt a particular representative system and salutary reforms.

"The Confederation to then ratify the principle of Italian nationality; to have but one flag, but one system of customs, and one currency.

"The directing centre to be at Rome, which should be composed of representatives named by the sovereigns from a list prepared by the Chambers, in order that, in this species of Diet, the influence of the reigning families suspected of a leaning toward Austria should be counbalanced by the element resulting from election.

"By granting to the Holy Father the honorary Presidency of the Confederation, the religious sentiment of Catholic Europe would be satisfied, the moral influence of the Pope would be increased throughout Italy, and would enable him to make concessions in conformity with the legitimate wishes of the populations. Now, the plan which I had formed at the moment of making peace may still be carried out if your Majesty will employ your influence in promoting it. Besides, a considerable advance has been made in that direction.

"The cession of Lombardy, with a limited de[...], is an accomplished fact.

"Austria has given up her right to keep garrisons in the strong places of Piacenza, Ferrara, and Comacchio.

"The rights of the Sovereigns have, it is true, been reserved, but the independence of Central Italy has also been guaranteed, inasmuch as all idea of foreign intervention has been formally set aside; and, lastly, Venetia is to become a province purely Italian. It is the real interest of your Majesty, as of the Peninsula, to second me in the development of this plan, in order to obtain from it the best results; for your Majesty can not forget that I am bound by the treaty, and I can not, in the Congress which is about to open, withdraw myself from my engagements. The part of France is traced beforehand.

WHAT FRANCE DEMANDS.

"We demand that Parma and Piacenza shall be united to Piedmont, because this territory is, in a strategical point of view, indispensable to her.

"We demand that the Duchess of Parma shall be called to Modena;

"That Tuscany—augmented, perhaps, by a portion of territory—shall be restored to the Grand Duke Ferdinand;

"That a system of moderate (*sage*) liberty shall be adopted in all the States of Italy;

"That Austria shall frankly disengage herself from an incessant cause of embarrassment for the future, and that she shall consent to complete the nationality of Venetia, by creating not only a separate representation and administration, but also an Italian army;

"We demand that the fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera shall be recognized as federal fortresses;

"And, lastly, that a Confederation based on the real wants, as well as on the traditions of the Peninsula, to the exclusion of every foreign influence, shall consolidate the fabric of the independence of Italy.

"I shall neglect nothing for the attainment of this great result. Let your Majesty be convinced of it, my sentiments will not vary, and so far as the interests of France are not opposed to it, I shall always be happy to serve the cause for which we have combated together.

"PALACE OF ST. CLOUD, *20th of October*, 1859."

SPAIN.

THE WAR WITH MOROCCO.

We read in the Gibraltar correspondence of the *Herald*: "Four hundred and seven fugitives arrived here from Tangier, and describe the city as in a state of great alarm, many leaving without seeking to save their property. Thousands of Bedouins from the interior are at the gates, craving admission to defend Tangier against the Spaniards. Mr. Brown, American Consul at Tangier, arrived at Gibraltar last evening. When it was known yesterday at Tangier that her Britannic Majesty's steam sloop *Scylla* was about to start for Gibraltar nearly 300 men, women, and children rushed to the water's edge, and all were, through the kindness of Captain Lambert, his officers and men, taken on board by men-of-war boats."

GRISI AT MADRID.

Madame Grisi, after her recent unfavorable reception at Madrid, of which an account has been given, published the following:

"I am accused of having failed in respect to the public. This accusation afflicts me so much that I will endeavor to prove the contrary. In my artistic career I have always had the happiness to appreciate and to feel profoundly the kind receptions which I have obtained in all the theatres in which I have sung. I therefore accepted with pleasure an engagement at the Theatre Royal at Madrid, being assured of being able to fulfill my engagement, and counting on the indulgence of the public. Under these circumstances I believed that I should find, on my first appearance on the stage, the indulgence which the chivalrous Spanish nation accords to all artists; but my surprise was great when, before having heard me, a small portion of the public manifested discontent during the first act. I frankly confess that these facts caused me pain, and that, without the protection of the rest of the public, I should not have been able to terminate the representation. I therefore supplicate the public to accord me the grace of pardoning me for what I may have done in the situation in which I found myself. Far be from me the idea of reproaching the Madrid public, whom I have always appreciated, and if I had been permitted to speak, I should have said, 'Gentlemen, listen to me with indulgence, and if, after having sung, I have not the happiness to please you, I will respect your decision, and will put an end to my engagement.' I could not certainly have continued to sing before a public whose approbation I had not obtained. Accomplishing a sacred duty, I lay this just manifesto before the public, feeling certain that it will appreciate it for what it is worth; and I promise to obtain from the public my justification.

"Its servant, GIULIA GRISI."

After the publication of this manifesto Madame Grisi appeared anew in "Norma," but she encountered great opposition, and at length, bursting into tears, she left the stage. It has been subsequently announced that the performances of Madame Grisi and M. Mario would not continue.

RUSSIA.

RETIREMENT OF A GREAT BANKER.

A letter from St. Petersburg of the 20th ult. says: "The great event of the day is the definitive retirement from business of the celebrated banker, Steiglitz. He yesterday sent an official letter ordering his agent in Feleisen to wind up the business before January 1, 1860, on which day it will cease to exist. M. Steiglitz has taken part in all the great financial affairs of the Government, and also possessed manufactories, sugar refineries, etc. M. Steiglitz, Sen., arrived in Russia about fifty years ago; he came from Hamburg, and was a Jew by birth, but changed to Protestantism. Immediately after his arrival in Russia he entered into business, and founded the house which he bequeathed to his son, with the title of baron, and a fortune of thirty millions of francs. M. Steiglitz, Jun., has since managed the house, and with such ability and success that he now retires with, it is said, a fortune of 280,000,000 of francs. This enormous fortune exists in capital deposited in the Imperial banks, in shares in the best Russian companies, and in landed estates, both in the south of Russia, in Livonia, and in Germany. He has the rank of Counselor of State, and is decorated with the Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Stanislaus. He married a Mademoiselle Muller, belonging to a highly respectable though not rich family, but has no children."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

HOMICIDE BY THE KING.

The correspondent of the *Times*, at Honolulu, affords us interesting particulars of the homicide perpetrated by King Kamehameha. The King, with the Queen, Prince Royal, and a numerous suite, leaving Hawaii upon a summer excursion, visited the island of Lahaina, where their stay was brought to a close on the 13th of September. Ordering the royal yacht to prepare for return to the capital, the King, on the morning of that day, embarked alone on the vessel, leaving his attendants to follow at their leisure. A calm delayed the yacht, and at night, taking a small boat, his Majesty returned to shore, and proceeding to the lodgings of Mr. Henry A. Neilson, his Private Secretary, entered into a violent quarrel with that gentleman, and presently shot him fatally in the breast. The cause of difficulty is not ascertained. Surmises as to indiscretions on the part of the Queen obtained momentary currency, but were instantly discredited. No statements have been made by the official papers on the subject. Mr. Neilson was formerly a resident of New York, and from the accession of Kamehameha until the fatal quarrel had enjoyed the monarch's unlimited confidence and regard.

PERHAPS A REVOLUTION.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "September 27th the community was thrown into a great excitement by news from Lahaina that the King had resolved to abdicate his throne. It is said he has been overwhelmed with grief ever since this unfortunate occurrence; that he has offered to make Mr. Neilson all amends in his power; that he entirely exonerates the Queen, and insists upon abdicating and submitting himself to trial. The effect of this news was a meeting of the Privy Council, and a petition numerously signed, praying his Majesty to reconsider his resolution, and not to abdicate.

"On Saturday, October 1, the *Polynesian*, the Government organ, published the following, 'By Authority:'

"'PROCLAMATION.

"'We hereby proclaim our pleasure that our House of Nobles assembles on Monday, the 3d of October, at eleven o'clock A.M., in our Palace, on important business of our kingdom, which we will then submit to them.

"'KAMEHAMEHA.

"'KAAHUMANU PALACE, *1st October*, 1859.

"'By the King and Kuhina Nui,

"'L. KAMEHAMEHA, *Minister of Interior*.'

"The Government organ says: 'We are authorized to state, for the purpose of allaying any anxiety that may exist in the public mind, that the rumors in regard to his Majesty's abdication are, we are happy to say, without foundation.'"

CHINA.

MR. WARD'S FAILURE.

We read in the *Overland Mail*: "The Emperor, when Mr. Ward got to Pekin, refused to attach the vermilion pencil unless his Excellency would perform the kotow—that is, go on his knees and knock his head nine times on the ground; and as Mr. Ward was not prepared to do this, he had to go back to the entrance of the river Pehtang, where the *Governor of the province* (not the Commissioners who made the treaty) *handed him a sealed paper purporting to be a ratification;* and with it Mr. Ward, and the United States government, unwilling to encounter, in Mr. Reed's phraseology, 'wound or scar,' must perforce be content. In four words—'*This treaty is useless.*'"

HOW THE NEGOTIATION FAILED.

A letter says: "The Chinese Commissioners were obliged to go out twelve miles to the summer residence of Yuen-ming-yuen to report to his Majesty, who was passing the hot weather there, and no reply was expected from them till the 4th; but the next morning the judge, with a countenance any thing but joyful, unexpectedly appeared. He had come from the summer palace, where he and the Commissioners had been all night, with a plan which he thought would succeed. This was that they should address Mr. Ward a letter, stating that the Emperor intended to honor him with an audience to receive the President's letter; he should then reply that he was willing, if granted the honor, to make his respects to his Majesty in the same manner that he would before the President, neither diminishing nor adding thereto. There was, of course, no objection to this procedure, and the drafts of both documents were made out, and the Judge took copies away with him. The detail of the expedient to be observed was also explained, which was, that when the Minister came toward the throne, the table on which the President's letter was to be placed standing between the two, he should bow as low as he had represented, and then two chamberlains would approach and raise him up, with the exclamation, "Don't kneel!" He would then present the letter by placing it on the table, from whence it would be taken by another chamberlain, who, on his knees, would hand it to the Emperor.

"The Judge went away with a happier visage than he came, and the next dispatch from Kweiliang was looked for with impatience. Instead of the expected document, Sieh himself returned next morning to tell us that the Commissioners had been outvoted; and his Majesty's decision was, that unless the American Minister would either touch one knee or his fingers to the ground, he would not see him. While this concession was refused, as being much more than an American representative ever performed before his own or any other ruler, it was again declared that in this persistence in our own usages there was no disrespect intended to the Emperor, who must of course be the final judge of what he deemed suitable to his own dignity. The question of an audience was thus settled, so far as the American embassy was interested, after five days' earnest discussion."

AN IMPERIAL PROCLAMATION.

The following is said to have been published in the Pekin *Gazette*, as part of an Imperial proclamation:

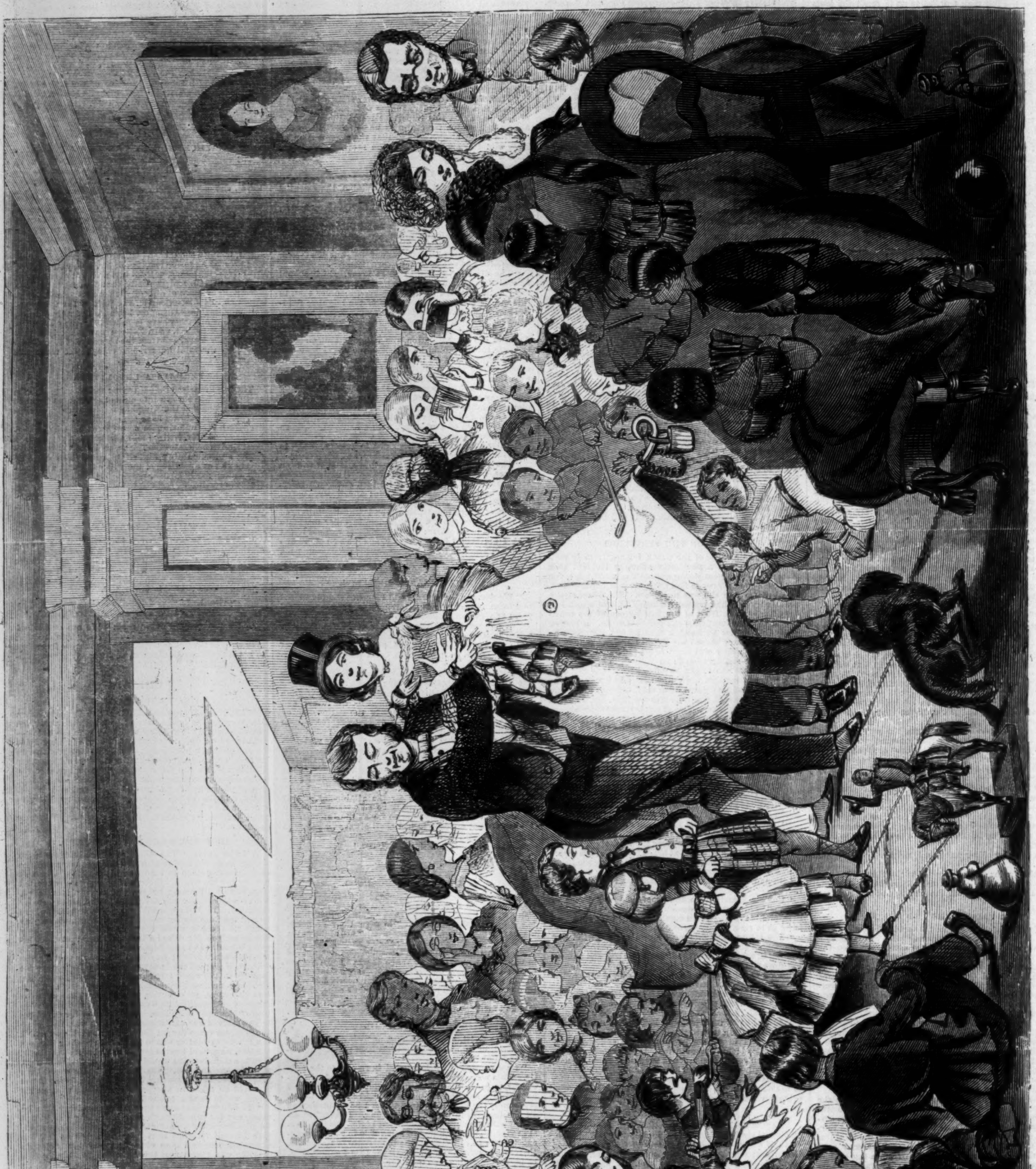
"The English troops have thus really brought this defeat on themselves; there has been no breach of faith whatsoever on the part of China.

"Meanwhile the American Envoy, John Ward, kept by his engagement with Kweiliang and his colleague; sailed to the port of Peh-t'ang, and begged for permission to go up to the capital to present a letter from his Government. We accordingly authorized his admission into Pekin to present it; and having this day perused the letters addressed by the American Envoy, John Ward, to Kweiliang and Hwashana, and laid before us by those ministers, we find their language so respectful, the true-heartedness that has prompted them such, that we have authorized the Envoy in question to present the letter he is charged with from his Government to Kweiliang and his colleague, whom we have sent to receive it.

"As regards the exchange of this treaty, he ought properly to return to Shanghai and exchange it there; but in consideration of the long voyage he has made we [are pleased] specially to authorize that the seal be appended to the treaty, and that it be delivered to Hang-fuh to hand it in exchange [for another copy] to the aforesaid Envoy, that from the date of the exchange there may be peace and commerce forevermore. Thus do we manifest our great desire to show a nursing tenderness to the men from afar, and our appreciation of good faith and right principle.

"Let Kweiliang and Hwashana signify this our pleasure to the Envoy John Ward for his information.

"Respect this!"



FALL GAMES—THE ELEPHANT.

FALL GAMES—THE APPLE-BEE.

FALL GAMES.

The preceding illustrations will remind many a reader of happy evenings spent in pleasant homes in New England or the Middle States. One of our designs represents the Elephant game—a very popular pastime for the fall and winter holidays in New England. A couple of stout, good-natured young men, armed with a twisted piece of wood or stiff leather to represent a trunk, and provided with a large sheet, will constitute a very fair elephant, who may, if he be so inclined, present the prettiest girls in the room with all manner of presents with his convenient trunk; while such is the well-known docility of the animal, that the Queen of the evening may ride him, in the capacity of *mahout*, without the least danger.

Our other design represents an Apple-Bee, another popular pastime in many parts of the country. The old superstition that an apple-paring thrown over the shoulder by a pretty girl would assume, on the ground, the form of the initial of the name of her lover or future husband, is still firmly believed in many country places. So long as it leads to nothing worse than such merry, healthful meetings as the one which our artist has depicted, no one need be in a hurry to see it exploded. It serves, as on the occasion represented in our picture, to enliven a scene of necessary toil in every Northern farmer's home—the paring of apples for drying and market.

TWO PARTINGS.

We parted once before. You wept
When I rose up to go, you did;
You pray'd for me before you slept,
You little love, you know you did!

And no grief now is on that brow,
Which then, you said, throbb'd so, you did;
You loved me better then than now—
You cruel thing, you know you did!

Do you remember what the sea,
I took you out to show you, did?
You made a pretty simile;
You false of tongue, you know you did!

You sighed, "That life were like its crests
When sunshine breezes blow," you did;
"To catch love's light before it rests!"
You cold, cold heart, you know you did.

What have I done? You smile no more
On me as months ago you did;
You deem my homage now a bore;
You liked it then, you know you did.

"How blest," you said, "were life with one
Who'd love one truly!" Oh, you did!
But—you thought I was an elder son—
You utter flirt, you know you did!

THE MARKED MONEY.

The Erie Road, that great, puffing, driving, hospitality-destroying monster, winds through the village now.

But, there was a time?

Certainly, there was a time when those yelling, screeching engines did not rush at one end of the place at all unseemly hours of the day and night, wind themselves about it, rushing off at the other, after a horrifying coil, and roaring over the bridge like a great serpent, such as we read of in legend, seeming to say, "Well, I have spared you this time, only swallowed a few of your people. The next time I come I'll take the whole of your tiny village."

Yes, there was a time when the little place was still smaller than now. Not so very long ago either. We can all remember it—all who can see the little lines of silver streaking through their hair. They can remember how, when they were young, this spot was a favorite on sleigh rides, about a half-way house in the progress, where a fiddler (since become a violinist) was always to be had at a moment's notice; where they had a way of knocking up the nicest little suppers while the hot punch (oh, whisper it low!) was being discussed, and where there was just room enough for a party to dance, and no more, no matter how large the party.

What! in the village?

Nonsense! I am speaking now of the little white house that stands about midway as you pass through. That is "The Village Tavern," always has been the village tavern for more than half a century, until within ten years the last word was painted out and that of "Hotel" substituted.

There was a time when, as I said, this "Village Tavern" was the great place for riding, driving, and sleighing parties to stop at for dinner and supper. It was a spot, too, for travelers, when they did not scud over the land and arrive at the places of their destination in less time than they could stay at home. Many a traveler who came only for the night's rest, for his supper and breakfast, staid over a day or two, perhaps for a week. There were trout and pickerel in those days that could be caught in the clear, bright waters of the Passaic, which ran stealthily by the foot of the garden, less than a stone's-throw from the back piazza, and was not banged and whirled and beaten by a thousand mill-wheels, and rumbled over by half a hundred trains of steam-cars daily. There was woodcock too, five minutes' walk away, and a partridge, or, if you liked a little longer walk, something of larger growth worthy of your powder and shot.

John Gordon kept "The Village Tavern." Gordon was a hard-headed, stout-bodied, red-faced, jolly, humorous Scotchman. He was liberal, with an eye to the main chance. He was proud of his position as landlord, proud that his house should be known and spoken of in the great city of New York, and particularly proud that so many *connoisseurs* thought it well worth their while to drive out to "The Village Tavern," that they might drink Gordon's inimitable punch, made from the peculiar whisky of which the landlord had trace from the moment it came from the still, just close by the foot of Ben Nevis, to the hour it went gurgling down the drinkers' throats.

Of all these things was John Gordon proud. This was the pride of his profession; but there was one thing more of which he was proud, and to which all other things were but as accessories. This was his daughter Letty. Letty Gordon was the landlord's only child. He had married an American wife, and ten years after his marriage there came to John Gordon this one child. On the day that little Letty could count eight years Mrs. Letty Gordon, senior, was called to another and a better world, leaving little Letty heiress of all the goods, chattels, and real estate of which she died possessed, the last item being "The Village Tavern," with its furniture and belongings: a comfortable little setting out which, with true Dutch carefulness, her good father had settled upon her the day she was married, and from which John Gordon had garnered some solid wealth, which lay stretched out in various farms in the country round.

Letty Gordon had great blue eyes, very blue, very large, and sparkling with suppressed mischief. Letty Gordon had light-brown hair that danced about her head, laughing all combs to scorn and almost repudiating a ribbon. She had the whitest skin, and the whitest teeth, and the— Oh! this sounds too much like an auctioneer's summary; I shall end it by saying that she was just the merriest, sweetest, and most enticing little fairy I had ever seen, and I am not alone in so believing. There were a few of the favored guests of "The Village Tavern" who could occasionally see Letty Gordon; but to the mass who came and went like shadows, Letty was herself a shadow. They had heard of the landlord's beautiful daughter; once in a long while some one more fortunate than the rest would catch a glimpse of the little maiden, but from whence she came, or whither she went, the glimpser could never tell. They drank the health quietly of the mysterious beauty of whom they heard so much, of whom they knew that she breathed the same atmosphere as themselves, and yet to them was a sealed book. This was the treasure that John Gordon watched and guarded. She who, already an heiress in her own right, was to inherit all the acres that he had been adding year by year, from the overflow of "The Village Tavern." Letty was not only the admiration of the gay groups who came from the city, but she was the ambition of every rustic beau who looked with covetous eyes upon the fair face and the broad acres of the landlord's daughter. They looked, but they looked in vain, for John Gordon had long resolved that whoever came wooing to his Letty should be no common man, but should outdouble her in wealth.

Letty Gordon was not the only fair attraction that brought the gallants to "The Village Tavern." There was another bright face, another comely shape, in the person of Martha Field. Martha and Letty were of an age—both eighteen. Martha was an orphan, and had been taken when a child by the late Mrs. Letty Gordon to "care for." Martha was the right hand of "The Village Tavern;" she was here, there, and every where, as John Gordon expressed it. If extra company came, and aid was wanted in the kitchen, Martha was able and willing. Whether Martha's hand was wanted in the bedrooms, in the parlors, to wait on the guests, to attend in the bar, it was always the same; she was there. Whatever she did was well done. Many a smart farmer's son, who came as suitor to the mistress, made a desperate effort to amend the hopelessness of the case by falling in love with the maid, only to find out that his fate was the same in either quarter. Martha Field had already disposed of the little beating heart that lay beneath her trim, well-fitting bodice. She had given it, subject to certain conditions, into the keeping of David Bigelow, a smart and promising carpenter, who, by some special art lurking under his tongue, had managed to secure the little girl to himself in the face of the most startling opposition. Under these circumstances, there can be no wonder that Martha should be given to reading romances, and sympathizing generally with lovers, particularly with those in distress. There were some who said that when Martha Field married John Gordon would come down "warm," with a trifle for the couple to start with; but those who knew the landlord better declared that as long as breath was in John Gordon's body he would not part with a dollar of all he had so carefully hoarded, and now so strictly watched. In proof of this they pointed to Letty and Martha, upon whom he never lavished a cent, putting off their desires for showy dress, so inherent in the sex, by telling them that their faces would make their fortunes without ribbons and silk.

This was John Gordon's household, save only Aunt Jude, who reigned supreme in the kitchen department. One bright day in June, when the leaves fluttered with more than ordinary gladness, and the sun glanced over the waters of the Passaic, sending its light to the clear, gravelly bottom till it showed the lazy fish in their very homes, the Paterson stage rattled through the village, and dropped one passenger at "The Village Tavern." He was a tall, dark-complexioned man, somewhere about thirty, with a quiet, assured manner, that told the crowd of idlers who stood always ready to stare at the stage passengers, if they were capable of receiving any impression, that the new-comer was one not easily stared down, and well accustomed to all the attentions that could be thrust upon him.

He told John Gordon, who stood ready to receive him, that his name was Philip Conger, and his intention was to spend a week with him, and try his hand at the fish. John was pleased at the announcement, and told his guest so. More pleased as he noticed that the young man's baggage bespoke that money was plentiful; and still more pleased when he found that his liberal orders did full justice to his looks. Philip Conger fished until the venerable old trout and pickerel trembled in their watery beds. He shot with such success that he awakened the jealousy of the stereotyped sportsmen of the place. He walked, he rode, and drove, and so the week passed away, and yet he remained a guest of "The Village Tavern." Another week, and Philip Conger was still there; but he no longer fished, no longer hunted, his walks and rides were shorter, and the house had more attraction. In a few words, he had seen Letty Gordon, had spoken with her, and from that moment all things that carried him away from where he could feel that she was near had lost their charm. And stranger still than this, Letty, who had been so invisible to all other eyes, now went flitting uneasily about the house. If Philip sat upon the piazza, there was large chances but he would see her within the hour. If he walked roamingly about the garden, Letty had a bouquet to make up, some berries to pick, or something to do which he always could take a hand in. Those about the village who always see every thing told John Gordon occasionally that Letty was at that moment under the charge of the stranger, being paddled leisurely along the river bank in a skiff, or had been seen at some past time walking with the stranger in some near lane, or sitting in some half-secluded place earnestly talking. They could see that the landlord's face grew dark whenever such intelligence was brought him, and those who were most about the house could observe that he no longer treated his guest with the same attention as formerly, there was a lack of that welcome and greeting that John Gordon had always for well paying guests; and then the gossips foretold a storm. They said that when John Gordon's face darkened there would be lightning flashes, which would strike somewhere. There were other signs besides these foretelling this coming storm. Letty was seen once, twice, perhaps three times, in tears, and Martha Field had been heard openly to declare all fathers tyrants.

One day John Gordon, with redder face than usual and quicker step, went from bar to stable, from parlor to cellar. Something there was in the wind more than common. The busy-bodies looked around and abroad for the cause, and were not long in finding it out. There, almost opposite the house, and in full view, lay the little skiff fast at anchor, while Philip Conger, with Letty Gordon as his pupil, was back at his old employment of fishing. Now they said the long gathering storm would burst; but they were to be woefully mistaken when they believed it would break with violence over the head of Philip Conger. In their own good time the couple came back; they were too happy to hasten much; and then John Gordon, with his vials of wrath all charged, sought Philip. For an hour they were together in the room of Philip; but those who listened for the thunder of the storm heard nothing. There was only the confused sound of the two voices, sometimes that of Gordon above the other, then as instantly calming down. What the mesmerism was that held the usually violent man was a mystery, but at the end of the hour John Gordon came forth pale and silent, and in another hour Philip Conger had turned his back on "The Village Tavern," never to be its guest again.

It was for his daughter all his harshness was reserved, and poor Letty had now not only to bear with her father's dark looks and stern words, but, what was worse, with a curtailment of her liberty. How she would have borne this it would be hard to tell but that Martha had brought to her a letter from Philip, written within that hour before he left the house, filled with his promises of love, and his declarations that he would not depart from the vicinity and would find means to communicate with her. How well these declarations were kept she knew the next day, when Martha brought her intelligence that Philip Conger was within a mile, having found quarters at a farm-house scarcely that distance away, on the opposite side of the river. It may be held as a certainty that John Gordon was not long in knowing this; and further, he knew that many days would not elapse ere the lovers would find means of correspondence. Nor was John Gordon wrong in this. To Martha Field Letty had confided every thing, and Martha was now the Mercury that managed, if she did not carry, the correspondence between Letty Gordon and Philip Conger, and David Bigelow the worker who, at the bidding of Martha, performed the postman. Without actually knowing this, John Gordon suspected, and with him suspicion generated active measures. David Bigelow was at once forbidden the house, and the full weight of his displeasure rained down upon the head of Martha.

For weeks things remained in this uncertain state. Whatever measures John Gordon intended to take were locked within his own breast. There was a mystery in progress through which none could fathom, and to which Letty Gordon bent her ear seriously and tremblingly when Martha Field brought her the gossip she had heard stirring. John Gordon had been known to have several private interviews with old Brown, the village constable. The old man had been seen lurking around the village suspiciously, as if smelling out some trouble. He spent a great deal of time at the tavern, in talks with the landlord or sitting watching every body and every thing under his lowered brows. The gossips were busy again. They declared that between John Gordon and old Brown there was something that would bring trouble to Philip Conger or David Bigelow. They had heard the landlord declare his intention of driving them both out of the village, and of turning Martha Field into the road to seek a home where she would. Perhaps he would not go so far; but every one who knew John Gordon knew that he would not stop half-way in his efforts to reach any end upon which he started. Of late he had talked much about ingratitude—about those he had fed turning from him—about conspiracy—about nursing vipers in his bosom that turned and stung him; and for a long time these pickers-up of unconsidered domestic trifles were divided in opinion whether the old man made allusion to his daughter or to Martha Field. They were soon satisfied when they perceived that he ceased to speak with Martha unless forced by necessity to do so, and then only with an expression that betrayed his unwillingness. Martha laughed at the threats of John Gordon to expel her from his house. She knew that she was essential to the success of "The Village Tavern," and that if its landlord did not understand when he had a good and faithful servitor she knew enough that would, and to these she would go. Martha Field set him at defiance, and still continued, with the aid of David Bigelow, to carry the letters of the lovers.

It was one evening in the early autumn, following a day that John Gordon and old Brown had been engaged in numberless consultations. The plot seemed to thicken, and those who had been peering about until they knew more of the matter than the actors themselves said that it was near its catastrophe. The habitual redness had deserted John Gordon's face; it was pale, instead—very pale—for John Gordon. He stepped more quickly that night than was his custom; from the bar to the parlor, and so up stairs to where Letty and Martha sat. Those who spoke of it afterward said that many things passed that evening that were strange, but were not thought of in that way until the next day. They said that soon after dark a rower, in a skiff looking very like the one Philip Conger was sometimes seen in, came slowly up the river, and lay for some minutes under the great willow that grew at the foot of the garden; and one of these gossips, living on the opposite side, says he saw this single rower leave his skiff, and stand under the willow, where in a few moments he was joined by one in a light dress; that they stood together for a short space, and parted—the skiff and its single rower returning the same way that it came. Another, equally as veritable, two hours later saw a carriage and horses, entirely unknown in that part of the country, traveling at great speed on the road toward New York, and declared this carriage to contain a lady and gentleman, which, with corroborating circumstances, was believed to be Philip Conger and Letty Gordon.

Those who were nearer home saw, that same evening, a wagon drawn up in front of "The Village Tavern," with old Brown as its driver. They saw him and John Gordon go together to the vacant parlor, where, after a talk, Martha Field was sent for. Within a few minutes the more inquiring, who pressed out of the bar-room for that purpose, saw Martha Field, John Gordon, and old Brown drive away together from "The Village Tavern;" Martha without bonnet or shawl, and with a calm, scornful look; John Gordon with white face and pale, tight-shut lips; and old Brown with a complacent expression of face, that would leave the impression with all who did not know him that he had just performed one of the most benevolent and praiseworthy of actions.

The next day the village was startled from its sleep with the intelligence that Philip Conger had carried away Letty Gordon, and they were believed to be in New York; that Martha Field, at almost the same moment that the runaway couple were commencing their flight, had been arrested on a charge of stealing money at various times from John Gordon, and was now in the County Jail, entirely refusing to confess; that the stolen money had been directly traced to her, by a plan of John Gordon and old Brown, the different coins having been marked, to lead to detection, and spent by Martha Field at different places in the village; and that John Gordon, upon his return from the Squire's, where Martha was committed, and finding that Letty had fled, started in pursuit, and was brought in, half an hour afterward, with a broken arm, having been thrown from his wagon. This was news indeed for the gossips, and great capital they made of it. The stories that flew from mouth to mouth did not lose in the telling. Some had it that Martha had robbed John Gordon of many thousands of dollars, in revenge for his refusal to bestow a marriage-portion on herself and David Bigelow; others, that Martha was thrown into prison by the landlord in revenge for her assisting Letty in a marriage that would surely throw him out the tavern stand. These cried shame, and asked each other if John Gordon was not rich enough to give Letty her little property, and if he was not old enough to give up to younger men. It was strange then how many had seen and foretold all these things to themselves long ago; how many knew it would be so, and were not surprised in the least; and how many were ready with the charitable hope that it would be a lesson to John Gordon, and lead him to see that there was an instability in wealth, and nothing really true but their advice.

A week rolled by, and John Gordon left his room, with his broken limb in splints hanging by a sling. He had altered, people said, in that week to be at least ten years older. His face was drawn and haggard, and the rosy, healthy hue had gone out of his cheeks. His eyes were dim, and there was no loud, hearty laugh ringing through the house, as in the old days. The loungers and gossips watched the old man as he went vacantly about the place with something like awe. They watched him as he was confronted in his own bar, that spot which only one short week before was his stronghold, by another face as pale and haggard as his own, who asked for justice on behalf of Martha Field, and was refused. Then this man, who was none other than David Bigelow, stood up before the landlord and the curious crowd, and told how Martha Field was guiltless, and that John Gordon knew it when, in his base anger and desire to remove the means of communication between his daughter and Philip Conger, he sent an innocent girl, who should have been as dear to him

as a child, to a criminal prison. John Gordon trembled with the rage he was obliged to suppress, and David Bigelow went on. Yes! he knew that the money which he had marked as a trap was taken by his daughter Letty, as she had a perfect right to do; for was not the house and all within it—ay, and all its profits, even to the last cent, even the lands he had bought with those profits, hers? Yes! And he, John Gordon, knew this, and more. He knew that Letty Gordon had taken this money as she would take any other thing that was her own, and had given it to Martha Field to purchase such articles as her father wrongfully denied her; paper, pens, and ink, that she might write to the man to whom she had betrothed herself; and such things as were necessary to have when she fled from the home where she was a prisoner.

This he said, and more. That Martha Field had refused to say any thing on the night of her arrest, knowing that Letty would step forward for her protection at the proper time; that it was Letty's intention to have left her home with Philip Conger within a few days of the one on which Martha was arrested; but why the flight should have occurred on that evening, so prematurely, was an unexplained mystery. One thing was certain, that when Letty Gordon left home she did not, nor did she now, know of the arrest of Martha Field, or she would come forward at any risk and show her entire innocence.

The old man sneered at David's story. There was law, he said, and justice for all. If the girl was innocent let her show it, and all would be right. She had chosen silence when she was examined before the Squire; now let her wait until her trial. There was law and justice for all, and protection for him too, and he would have it. John Gordon accompanied this last declaration by a blow upon the table with his clenched, uninjured hand, that brought back to the listeners some memory of the week before, when it would have been dangerous to have provoked his wrath. David Bigelow drew himself to his full height, and speaking as calmly to the maimed man before him as though his address were the commonest topic, he told him that from that time forth no appeal should be made to him again for mercy. That he would go forth, and, if Letty Gordon was alive, he would find her and bring her there to do Martha Field justice, and to confound his villainy. From that time forward John Gordon could look upon him as his deadly enemy, and remember that, as he had denied mercy, so would it be denied to him. David Bigelow strode out of the room, while the old man glared fiercely at the group, who murmured their admiration of the carpenter, and one by one followed him out.

David Bigelow had left the village, none knew exactly where, but the surmise was that he had gone to New York. Days and weeks slipped by, and nothing was heard of him. Martha Field was still a prisoner awaiting trial. John Gordon was gaining strength in his arm; the bone was knitting finely, the doctor said, but he was not gaining strength in "The Village Tavern." The neighbors came less, and gossiped less. The story crept about. Even those who drove up from the city knew something about it. There was one thing they could all see, which was that John Gordon's face was pale, and the strength of his welcome gone. The day for Martha Field's trial came. There was great sympathy for her through all the county. Her story was believed, but there was no evidence. The prosecution made its case very clearly and distinctly. The loss of the money was proved, the marking, the tracing of the marked money to the village stores, where it had been passed by Martha. There was no defense, the very able counsel who had volunteered for her said. He could only make the statement on behalf of the prisoner; and then he gave Martha's story of how she became possessed of the marked money. There was a dead silence in the court-room as he closed a beautiful appeal for mercy for the prisoner. In its midst came a loud groan, and in a moment after a shuffling of feet and several persons were straining to lift a man, who had slipped from one of the benches and lay prostrate upon the floor. It was John Gordon, the strong man. Weak enough now he was, as they strove to raise him to his feet. His eyes were wide open, and looking eagerly toward the judge, "Acquit her," he said. "I am sorry. I know she tells the truth."

"Put that man back upon the stand," the judge says, sternly.

The man was put back upon the stand; but he had nothing to say, only that his heart had softened, and he could see truth in the story the prisoner told now, when he would not see it before. And so they carried him away to his wagon, and drove him home.

As they bore the old broken-down man out by one door there were eyes met Martha's from the other that made her heart leap. Each of that jury said, when speaking of the case afterward, that they would have acquitted the prisoner through sympathy, without any evidence for the defense. When the eyes of David Bigelow and Letty Gordon met Martha's she knew that she wanted no sympathy now to send her out upon the world with a stain upon her name forever. The truth had come; and when Letty Gordon, now Mrs. Philip Conger, threw her arms about the prisoner's neck, and kissed her, while she cried and laughed by turns, every body knew the story as well as though it had been told. As a form the evidence must be given, and before the tears had dried upon Letty's cheeks the verdict was rendered—"Not Guilty." How the people shouted, until the judge was obliged to adjourn the court for an hour, to allow the enthusiasm time to cool! How the news spread like wild-fire through the county town, and the ladies looked out of their windows and waved their handkerchiefs to Martha as she passed up the street from the court-house! And how the little boys burned up all the stray barrels and boxes that night in her honor!

John Gordon retired from being host of "The Village Tavern," and David Bigelow and Mrs. Martha Bigelow took his place, and for twenty years dispensed its hospitalities; after which period, rotund in purse and person, they gave way in turn. John Gordon lived many years after, undisturbed in the wealth that by legal right belonged to Letty. Philip Conger was not rich, but fortune prospered with him and he grew so.

On the night of Martha's arrest, with the instinct of love, he knew that something was being plotted by John Gordon, without knowing what, and believed it to be a scheme to remove Letty. Watching, he saw old Brown drive to the door with his wagon. He stole noiselessly to the back of the house. He heard Martha summoned to the parlor. There was no time to lose. He knew every step of the house, and in a moment was beside Letty. There was no time for preparation, for thought. While the two men were accusing Martha in the parlor the lovers were flying through the garden, ignorant of all that occurred until David Bigelow, by never-ceasing search, found them and told the story.

I hope that it is not taking away the romance of my tale to tell that Letty Gordon and Martha Field, that were, are both grandmothers, comely and handsome at that.

PULLING THROUGH.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years ago my best friend in this village, and my sole companion in this house, was a dog. The old post-woman ought to have been held a better friend, punctually as she toddled to the back-door twice a week with a bit of the love tale of Deborah Tims in her basket. But then, also, she toddled to the back-door daily with wafered letters of demand from creditors and lawyers, with notes of contemptuous pity or expostulation from friends, refusal of small requests, portentous missives of advice, anonymous letters, meant to sting (though these counted but as the gain of so much waste paper) with every thing that could premise shipwreck of T. Pawley's life. In those days the sight of the post-woman's red cloak gave me a thrill of pain.

I was a white-haired and pink-faced young student of the sort commonly known as "nice young men who play upon the flute." I was the accepted of Miss Tims, the lovely and accomplished daughter of John Tims, bookseller, Twickenham. I was myself only an orphan, with three hundred pounds for patrimony, but I had a wealthy Uncle James, a stocking-maker, nearly the kindest and entirely the most obstinate man alive, with whom I lived at Bradford, and in whom only, of things human, except myself, I had to trust. This Uncle James had many children of his own; and, while he took great pains to secure for me a perfect education, and to give me a right start in life, it was his whim or conscience to charge against me in a book the cost of education as a debt to his estate. He would enable me, he said, to earn a good living, and would put me in the way of a sufficient livelihood by liberal advances, not by gifts of money.

I knew that I had white hair and played the flute. I knew also that I composed sentimental poetry to be read under trees to Miss Tims, and that your poet is no better than a dreamer. Some of that verse I printed in a gold-edged book upon the credit of the three hundred pounds, out of which, when of age, I could pay any adverse balance to a friendly publisher and printer. I had, therefore, a reasonable doubt as to my own power of pulling through in life, and I looked eagerly toward the future. Uncle James considered my abilities to be unlimited, but was disgusted at my way of showing them. He kindly bought ten copies of Flora's Awakening: Poems and Translations. By T. Pawley. But for the next few months I found the leaves of that work applied to so many ignominious household uses that I could not thank him with a good grace for his fifty shillings. Cousin Polly took from the ten copies the ten pages on which was an acrostic upon the word Deborah, and used them successively as kettle-holders for as many weeks. Little Bob had all the prefaces made for him into fly-traps by Cousin Kate; and when this sort of torture seemed to be approaching the natural term set to it by the destructibility of paper, my good uncle liberally subscribed for ten copies more, which he enjoyed in like manner. Whenever I went home to Bradford scraps of my own amatory verse were to be read at breakfast-time outside my Cousin Polly's head. When my books were dissected, she seized upon that part of their contents—their very nerves—for curl-papers. What matter? They were also inside somebody else's heart. But the persecution conquered me: I forswore all farther printing of verse, and only continued to write it for another year or two.

One thing, however, I did not forswear, and that was Miss Tims that was, the good wife now asleep up stairs. Uncle James wished in his good-nature to provide for me; and as he had great faith in me, if I would but sober down into something practical, the desire of his heart was that I should become the husband of his Polly, who would have some thousands for her portion, out of which he could deduct my debt to him, and by help of which I could be handsomely settled in the world. Of all this he said nothing, but he set his face and his heart against Miss Tims. She had not a penny, she was a designing person, and her father was a retail tradesman. Could she honestly aspire to marry a young gentleman whose uncle was a manufacturer of stockings, whose father had been a lieutenant in the army, and some of whose ancestors were knights before the civil wars?

"Why, what arms has Miss Tims?" asked the old gentleman.

"The whitest and roundest, uncle, with the neatest little hands—"

"Faugh, Sir, what arms are those for a young gentleman to marry into!"

Deborah's father was a chubby bookseller, the cosiest of men, and her mother the most comfortable of good-humored dames. They liked me well enough, but without the consent of my uncle I must not marry their daughter. They had their pride also, and I was forbidden to appear at Twickenham. But we persecuted young folks, who are now the happiest of old folks, held by one another in our hearts; and I looked forward for the new doubt, only the more eagerly into the future.

Desperately anxious, therefore, to begin the world, I qualified myself for practice at the age of twenty-one, and went into the country as assistant to a busy surgeon, only that I might be as free as I could make myself, while looking out for a fair opening in life. I watched advertisements, and put myself upon the books of medical agents, hoping for something that would satisfy my longing and pass muster with my uncle. It must be something very tempting that would justify me, to him, in rushing at the unripe age of twenty-one or twenty-two into the full responsibilities of independent practice.

To much noble promise I was deaf, until within a twelvemonth I had made a great discovery, and was put by a medical agent into communication with Ezekiel Hawley, Esq., M.D., of Beetleborough, who desired, on reasonable terms, to share evenly with me a practice of One Thousand Pounds a year.

Doctor Hawley had a frank way of correspondence, welcome to ingenuous youth, and his almost fatherly manner when we met inspired me with respect and confidence. It was the benevolence of a father—he was thirty years my senior—blended with the respect due from an equal. I had taken his fancy, as he found some way of saying; there was so much harmony of taste between us, and he had long felt the want in Beetleborough of a friend with literary tastes and enlarged sympathies with whom he could exchange, at the end of his day's work, a thought, a feeling, or a fancy. Beetleborough was in a wild pit country, and its gentry was composed chiefly of single ladies, while the great mass of its population was unformed. A partner, in such a district, was a pure misfortune if he could not be a friend, and he did hope, therefore, that we might come to terms. He had practiced in the place for four-and-twenty years, but of late it had begun so rapidly to increase that his work grew upon his hands, when he was wishing for a little rest. He had earned enough for himself and his wife, with their two daughters, but he had no wish to sink into absolute inactivity. Therefore, and because it was manifest that with help from a younger man's energy the practice could in a few years be doubled, he had thought of a partner. Purchase-money for the practice was no great consideration with him. His lawyer had fixed it at eight hundred and fifty pounds. He had himself no notion whatever of the sum that should be asked; he did not care how it was paid, and knew no more about law matters than he did of Avicenna's ——. Here he named a work that I had never heard of, and gave an impression of great knowledge in professing ignorance. I went down to Beetleborough from a sunny western village that defiled the air with nothing coarser than a few wreaths of wood smoke. I left there a benighted population, in which every man, woman, and child not wearing broadcloth or silk made formal reverence before those textures. What I found was the place where I now live, a rich scene blackened and burned, air thickened by day with smoke of a hundred coke heaps. It is so ablaze by night with the reflection from blast furnaces, that friends from London who come down to visit us in these our quiet days, for the first night or two can not convince themselves that there are not houses on fire in every direction. Not a soul then gave to my broadcloth more than a rough stare. When, however, Dr. Hawley drove me in his gig to see "one or two of his poor pensioners," we had an insulting body-guard of little boys behind us, all the way up a hill.

"These are the free ways of the North," said the good Doctor.

Tidier people looked at us with marked curiosity and interest, but I was glad to miss all the servile obeisances to which I had been of late accustomed.

Now that I have pulled through, it seems that all this happened for the best. I think it did. Nevertheless, for years and years I felt that if, instead of offering to any one of those small boys or of those wayfarers whom we met, a penny for his thoughts, I had offered and paid even five hundred pounds for the contents of the very emptiest head of them all, they would have been cheap to me at such a price. The juniors hooted and the elders stared; but not a creature said a word to save me from the ruin to which all thought I was doomed.

In the Doctor's house I could see ledger and day-book. There was no lack of prescriptions and of patients' names, with heavy accounts registered as paid. I could ask my uncle to come down and see things for himself. Doctor Hawley entertained him blandly, left all to him as a man of the world, admired T. Pawley, but privately contrived to suggest that as T. P. was young and somewhat romantic, the alliance with a quiet old practitioner, who had experience of life, would be the very thing to keep him out of danger. Finally, the vicar came one evening, with one or two of the more serious supports of Beetleborough, and they supped with us at Doctor Hawley's, when a goose was cooked. Hereupon Uncle James was so far satisfied, that, after the guests were gone, he came into my bedroom, gave me friendly counsel, promised to lend whatever of purchase-money was required beyond my own three hundred pounds (minus fifty paid for the Awakening of Flora), and consented to the partnership.

Early the next morning he returned to Bradford. I remained only to accept the terms of our new friend before going westward to await the arrival of a successor to the duties I was quitting, and abide discussion raised by lawyers on the deed of partnership I was about to sign. Every thing went well. I returned again to Beetleborough; the deed was engrossed, and one morning, after receipt of a satisfactory letter from Uncle James, Doctor Ezekiel Hawley took me to the den of a local lawyer, where I signed what was to be signed and paid what was to be paid, as first installment of eight hundred and fifty pounds, into what—though I then believed in my new comrade—I could not help feeling to be a very eager clutch. By the next post came peremptory orders from my uncle to sign nothing until he had got over a difficulty that occurred to him. The partnership was to be for seven years, at the end of which, on consideration of a further payment, Doctor Hawley would leave me in entire possession of the field. Uncle James was convinced that I should be unable to stand alone at the end of seven years, when my age would be only twenty-nine. It was essential that the seven should be altered into ten.

The suggestion was not complimentary to me, and it was one that I could not heartily back without calling myself a simpleton. Moreover, the papers were all signed; Doctor Hawley declared that he would not pledge himself to more than another seven years of work, and stood firm to the letter of the bond. We adjourned to Bradford. There I sturdily maintained that I was bound in honor, as in law, to abide by the agreement made. Then Uncle James maintained as sturdily that Doctor Hawley could not be an honest man, if he still held me bound, young as I was, against the wishes of my family. There Doctor Hawley held to his point with much profession of benevolence. At the same time, much to my great surprise, he contrived in a bland manner to say things, almost true as to the letter, but entirely false as to the spirit, that inflamed my uncle's wrath against me. Then having stung me in his anger to such answer as comes of the pride of youth, my Uncle James retreated to his inmost room.

Thither I followed him, and then I said: "Uncle, I will not break my word because you wish it, and because you promise to bear any risk I run in doing so. Forgive me, though, for having spoken warmly. You have been kind to me for years, and love me now. I feel it, and I meant no disrespect."

"Those are words," said Uncle James. "You, a boy, set up your judgment against that of your elders. You are bent upon refusing all advice. I give no more. Marry the trumpery girl against whom I have warned you. Go and put yourself into that rascal's power."

"Miss Tims, Sir, is worth a thousand of you all!"

"Ah, here you go again! Look here, young man. I, too, hold by my word. I have promised to lend you the six hundred pounds you want, above your own two hundred and fifty. Here is a check for that, and fifty pounds beyond it, that you may not start in the world altogether penniless. I have advanced you, for your education, two hundred and thirty-seven pounds odd shillings. Let that stand as two hundred. You will now, therefore, owe me eight hundred and fifty pounds, upon which, since you are in business, I shall expect interest at five per cent., payable half yearly. Never apply to me again for either money or advice. You choose to follow your own course. I leave you to it." And from that determination till his death he never swerved.

To a raw youth the first load of responsibility is rather welcome than unwelcome. It gives a sense of dignity by the demand it makes upon his power. The cares of manhood are as welcome to bold two-and-twenty as the coats of manhood to bold seventeen. My first act of prudence was to insure the safe possession of my partnership by at once paying the rest of the purchase-money. While remaining in my hands, bank-notes might under some pressure change to gold, and gold to silver. To some fifteen pounds of discount for immediate payment, I observed timidly to Dr. Hawley that I was entitled. He assured me that he had no present want of the money, that he understood nothing about investments, for he held nothing but house property. If I paid him the money now, it only would lie idle at his banker's, and so if I knew how to make fifteen pounds of it by keeping it until the appointed days of payment, I had better keep it. Then, of course, I paid all to him on the spot, without deducting discount, and again observed, but not with suspicion, the swift clutch into which it was received. Up to this time Doctor Hawley had been my constant companion in Beetleborough; indeed we were inseparable. He now left me a little to myself.

There was at Beetleborough a poor broken-down surgeon—a Mr. Watts—upon the point of abandoning his work and going to another place to die. He had a wife and half a dozen sickly children, but no practice that he was clever enough to sell. While planning to take off his hands his house and furniture, with possibly some incidental scraps of practice that might stick to the house-walls, I pitied Watts with all my heart. But Doctor Hawley was so active in his behalf that he had undertaken the whole management of his affairs. Whether Watts, weakened by illness, could be influenced in spite of knowledge, or whether it was that he knew Hawley's power over me and looked to him as the best agent through whom to effect an advantageous transfer of his little properties, I can not tell. Certainly Doctor Hawley was allowed to assume the character of Watts's sympathizing friend. Deborah's father had lent me a hundred pounds for purchase of furniture—an act of weakness on his part, he said. He could ill spare it, and I was to repay him in a year. Out of this I gave Watts forty pounds through Doctor Hawley's hands, and by the Doctor's private counsel, for a horse which I was forced to sell again for five pounds within half a year. I had only my partner's acknowledgment for that money, and discovered some months later that but twenty pounds of it were paid to the object of so much officious sympathy. It was already little less than a defrauding of the widow and the orphan. Watts was in his grave within a twelvemonth. He anticipated the approaching end by suicide.

Doctor Hawley went with me to Beetleborough,

and then excused, on account of his sympathy with so much deep distress, an immediate return to London upon business relating to poor Watts's affairs. He hoped that he might yet find means to secure for his family some little opportunity of livelihood. It was not a busy time for practice, and he had lost ground, doubtless, by so many absences, but in a few days he would be back for good, and then we would both put our shoulders to the wheel. And so he vanished, not for days, but weeks.

In the mean time only a few paupers came to me. I stuck close by the surgery, had leisure to wonder at the very small quantity of drugs dispensed, though an imposing array of jars and bottles, and perceived the curious monotony of the prescriptions in the day-book, which appeared to recognize one tolerably harmless compound as the universal medicine. My paupers were reserved in manner: those whom I visited appeared to be afraid of me; but all declared that Dr. Hawley was a wonderfully clever man.

The Doctor occupied the handsomest house in the village. It was built by himself, and stood in large neglected grounds. Who would not put faith in such a house as that, and the gray head that it roofed? The furniture was scanty, and the dinner-table was supplied more freely with water and potatoes than with other sorts of food. In later days, when every man's business was forced on my knowledge, I knew from the butcher that the meat bill of that mansion had not averaged five shillings a week. But there was a very gentle lady in it—Mrs. Hawley—by whom there was given me for my Deborah a shilling copy, not a new one either, of Bogatzky's Golden Treasury. She was a pious, simple-hearted, trusting woman, and alas, alas! the faithful, penniless wife of a swindler. She had been married for her fortune, and the big house had been built out of it. The Doctor, whose degree was one of the pretenses upon which he lived, had spent every shilling she possessed. He had deluded her, as he deluded hundreds of people wiser in this world than she or I professed to be; but her only, for eighteen years, he kept in her delusion. His bland manner was practiced on her constantly. When he had become—as he had when he picked me up—the terror of the neighborhood, and all honest men shunned him; when there were for years none whom she dared to visit, none who dared visit her; and when for months, in every year, her husband was away, following his own devices; she sat patiently at home, true to her faith in Heaven and the man whom she had married. From her simple defense of him, when sometimes we were together in his absence, and before I knew how much defense he needed, I caught almost the first shadow of my doubt. Every one, she said, was jealous of his talents. Envy made people his enemies; besides, unhappily (that was indeed some grief to her), he had been misconstrued because he did not go to church. But his heart was so warm, he was so generous, she said, as she ate, shivering with frost by a few flickering coals, her scanty, solitary meal.

Could there be need for so much parsimony, when I had just paid my friend eight hundred and fifty pounds? I had only twenty-five sovereigns left, outside whatever might arise as earnings from the practice, and I could not see the use of living upon water and potatoes.

One evening there sat by the small basket of embers in our surgery an old man angered by the toothache. He planted himself on a stool. Doctor Hawley was expected home that night. Nobody should pull out his tooth but Doctor Hawley. He was a clever man, whatever he was. He meant to wait for him, so he sat down and grunted for a long time, till I ventured on a word of sympathy.

"You may just keep your pity for yourself, young man."

"Why? What do you mean?"

"Doctor Hawley's a deal cleverer than Master Pawley knows. But you'll not be the first to find it out."

I had already fallen into the first stage of heart-ache, and gave weight to the man's words. But I paid no outward heed to them, and did not answer him. After another ten minutes the toothache suddenly abated, and the sense of relief from pain touched the old fellow's mind, I suppose, for he suddenly broke out with,

"Hang it, I can't abide seeing you sit there by that glum candle, looking so young and so pale, without telling you right forward you're done for. There!"

"You may tell me what you please. Perhaps you mean well."

"I mean that the sooner you be gone the better. I've known this house eighteen years, and never have seen aught in it but misery. Ask any man, woman, or child in Beetleborough. Doctor Hawley's most amazing clever, but if there's a wickeder creature on the earth or under the earth—"

"Then why do you come to him? Why do you wait for him? Why have you any thing to do with him?"

"Because he's the best doctor in the county. None of the gentlefolks or tradesfolks come to him. I'm one of his patients. He'll do me good, and then I know he'll squeeze me. But I want to be done good to now—I'll take my chance about the squeezing. Many a poor man he's charged ten pounds for a week's illness, and had him to the Court of Requests, and at last clapped him into prison." The man's tongue once loose, wagged for an hour, pouring incident on incident of fraud and cruelty.

"I do not believe all this scandal. Doctor Hawley is in London even now for a kind purpose."

"He's in London now about two lawsuits, that's where he is. And that's where all the money goes that ever he has got. He's never out of lawsuits, and he'll soon be having one with you. Nobody put you on your guard, I suppose, when you first came here. Lots of us were sorry, but there wasn't one dared speak. It's actionable to speak truth of such a man."

"What if I tell him all you have been saying?"

"Keep it to yourself, young man, and turn it over. Look about, ask questions, and then go back home."

The Doctor did not return that night, nor for another fortnight. To my written complaint that there was no practice at all, he replied that patients no doubt waited until he returned. He was ashamed to be so much absorbed over poor Watts, and so forth. When he did return it was but for three days, during which his behavior strengthened every suspicion. Then he went back again to London.

In the mean time I was practicing among the poor, and giving to my housekeeper, one after the other, the twenty-five sovereigns which were all that I had to live upon. When they were all gone, the domestic assured me, with a bright face, that ready money did not matter, for I had the best of credit; and, since food was necessary, I began to live on credit and run into debt. No money whatever came to me from the practice. Nobody called upon me. But I lived quietly, made humble friends, saw that a fierce battle was before me, and made strong resolve, helpless as I might seem to be, that I would not succumb.

During my partner's second absence I procured distinct and legal evidence of the gross fraud that had been practiced on me. I did not learn till afterward how it was that the vicar's countenance had been obtained for the delusion of my uncle. Dr. Hawley, when our correspondence began, suddenly frequented the church services, and made, in the eyes of an evangelical preacher, so much ostentation of conversion through his ministry, that the good vicar, believing himself to be in a fair way to save a soul, would not risk disappointment in so great a work by staying away from a supper. It was the first and the last time of his supping in that house, for he soon saw what use had been made of him.

It may not seem to be an easy thing for a white-haired flute-playing boy of twenty-two, who has been fooled out of all his substance, and a great deal more, to tell a gray-haired gentleman, in a cool, courteous, and determined way, that he has found him out to be a rascal. I had that to do.

Doctor Hawley did not appear surprised at the intelligence. With a wonderful ingenuity, indeed, he assumed the tone of an insulted, injured man, and turned upon me the character of a designing villain. But there was in his hypocrisy an under-current of brutal defiance, and a bitterness of insult obviously designed to drive me to extremes.

My temperate offer was that he should at once consent to a legal canceling of the bond of partnership, setting me free, and keeping all the money I had paid. I would then retire to the house I was occupying, and do what I could alone in Beetleborough; but I would not leave the place. I had paid my footing, and would make my footing sure: on that I was resolved. To any settlement of our affairs so plain as this Doctor Hezekiah would, on no account, consent. He held me to the bond, meaning thereby to force me into flight, and leave him free to effect another sale of the desirable position I had paid for.

"Very well, Sir," said poor flute-playing Tom Pawley, "since we are to be partners, be it so. I will be your partner, but not your associate; will make a practice here in spite of you, and let you spend upon your lawyers half of what I earn. There is an end to seven years. Do what you may, I WILL pull through."

The Doctor said in his heart that I should not, and spent all his ingenuity in making an untenable position look as hopeless and wretched as might be. Still I was shunned and (what was hardly better) pitied by the Beetleborough people. But when they saw that, although Doctor Hawley's partner, I knew my position and was not his friend, and that, pale and meek and white-haired as I was, I ventured upon actual defiance of the parish ogre, pity disappeared. A curious visitor or two dropped in upon this little study into which I had crammed my books, and in which on many a lonely evening, after the day's calm endurance, I had sobbed over poor Deborah's desponding letters. Then my one friend the dog, in tribulation over my distress, would seize my arm between his paws, and leap up, with a distressed whine, to lick his master's hidden face. No matter. I had set every nerve for the contest. In the eyes of Beetleborough I was light of heart and light of step; to some I may have seemed but as a cork floating about upon the surface of the storm.

Of course I could have fought and won my battle at the cost of certain life-long ruin in the Court of Chancery, to which all quarrels of partners are referred. Poverty and common sense preserved me from that folly. I was content to possess evidence that made me reasonably safe against attack by law on the next ground I ventured upon taking.

A gross act of my partner's involved me, innocently, as a witness in an assize case, of which all the details were disgraceful. It was evident that the position I had chosen really was untenable. Therefore, at last, I said to my partner, "Do as you please. I have clear evidence of the fraud by which I was induced to sign the deed of partnership between us. From this day forward I shall act as if it were waste paper. I shall practice by myself and for myself. Hinder me if you can."

When my friends heard what young Pawley was about, horror and indignation seized them. They all gave him up as mad. A jail would be the end of him. If I would leave Beetleborough and try fortune somewhere else (having no penny of means to do so), they could then believe in my discretion; but to face ruin, to defy the law, where were my senses?

And yet at Beetleborough tea-tables young Mr. Pawley was declared to be a braver fellow than he looked. In the village street he had many a warm gripe of the hand from men who had been bitten—as there were few who had not been bitten—by the ogre, and who liked him well for what they called his pluck. During his five-and-twenty years among these people Doctor Hawley had contrived to make, abuse, and forfeit every one's friendship. His manners were insinuating—he knew how, being, in truth, very ignorant—to suggest high opinions of his own professional ability. He might, therefore, when I met with him, have been the wealthiest and most popular medical man in the county, instead of the restless, penniless adventurer that he had become through a diseased love of stray gains made in the lump by a dishonest cleverness. For his litigious character, even more than for the wrong he had done often to the weak and helpless, he was every where as much feared as he was hated.

Nevertheless, there was a wretched little tribe of village vagabonds attached to him, by whose agency he could distribute scandals through a very ignorant and scandal-loving population. For one week it was village talk that I had been seen drunk; next week there was a deceased patient of mine whom I had poisoned with an overdose of laudanum. Anonymous letters were sent to me, or addressed to those who showed themselves to have some care about me. Vagrants were sent to sing insolent ballads, tallying with the last libel—that might wound the fame, perhaps, of others with my own—beneath my window. Scandal so foul as some of that which spread can hardly be conceived by those who have not lived where ignorance and immorality abound. I knew the fountain of it all. Nothing on earth except my dog saw that I ever suffered. Whatever scandal came direct to me I put aside with the invariable answer to the questioner about it, "You know whence the report came; it is for you to believe it or not, as you please." I meant to pull through, and knew that I could not work like a horse—for as I had been obliged to sell my horse, and could not buy another, I did really perform a horse's rounds every day on foot—I could not do both into the bargain. So I shut my eyes on Doctor Hawley; never took part in any talk about him; never abused him, nor complained of him. One day's rumor indeed set forth that Pawley and Hawley had been fighting with each other in the street, and it is most true that I never passed my partner and received the sneer which he took care to thrust at me from a malicious face, without a vigorous desire to lay my stick upon his back. Oh, how I could have beaten him! But I did nothing, and said nothing, and looked nothing. I simply did my work; quarreled with nobody, bent before nobody; but sturdily and determinately facing the whole battery of persecution, looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, kept a firm grasp upon my plow, and went on with the furrow.

Care was, of course, taken to assure all my creditors that I was penniless, discarded by my family, already heavily in debt. Duns were thus raised about me. Lawyers were set to bait me for small debts. I had to give up my watch, every luxury of furniture, my books, and even yonder clock. Once even, in terrible want of a shilling, I sold Deborah's first love-gift, a gold locket. To fail here was utter shipwreck of our lives. It was ruinous to flinch at any sacrifice. Once, in spite of all, I had to spend a few nights with a bailiff in my bedroom; but I held on, for I *would* pull through.

Uncle James did not receive his interest at the close of the first half-year, neither did Mr. Tims receive his hundred pounds within a twelvemonth. Even poor Deborah began to think her Tom was mad, and clinging to him hopelessly, kept up his spirits twice a week with long, heart-breaking letters. How could I hope to conquer so much trouble?

As the blood rises when the tempest beats upon the face, and all the limbs grow vigorous when buffeting the wind, so flute-playing Tom Pawley was made, earlier than happens to beginners in all cases, something of a man through trouble. He saw no way out of his wood but a quick marching steadily in one direction. He went into no bypath of false pretenses; never denied access to a dun, nor cheated a creditor with more than fair expression of hopes, not in all seasons to be fulfilled. He found that the world was composed mainly of good fellows, glad enough to be generous and trustful with beginners who do not fear work, and who are open in their dealings.

So Thomas Pawley did pull through: and here I am! When I had worked quietly in Beetleborough, through two years of sharp trouble, and was clearly making way, Hawley had ceased to persecute me. Then it happened that, one evening when I was at tea, a middle-aged gentleman knocked at my door. I rang immediately for another cup and saucer, when I knew his errand.

"I am told, Sir," he said, "that you were Doctor Hawley's partner."

"I was so," I replied, "by a deed that is not acted on."

"I have been advised to come and speak to you. I have just bought a partnership with Doctor Hawley. Some doubt has arisen in my mind. Things have been said to me—"

This gentleman had been a ship-surgeon; he had earned money enough in Australia to buy a practice in England, where there was a sweet-heart he longed to marry. Hawley had found him. All his money was in Hawley's pocket.

"Can I make a practice here?" he asked.

"That," I said, "is what I now am doing."

"Hawley told me you were a young simpleton; an interloper in the place, starving upon a hundred pounds a year."

"I earn three hundred, but almost starve upon that. Through Doctor Hawley I am much oppressed with debt, and lose much that I earn in lawyers' costs, forced on me by impatient creditors. I shall succeed in the end. There may be room for both of us."

"Ah, no!" my friend sighed. "I must go to sea again. The long hope of my life is at an end."

He went away from Beetleborough. He gave his last kiss to his sweet-heart, and departed.

After this I had no more obstruction from my partner; who, within another year, was himself taken from us all, to our great joy. In London he had turned up a few wealthy simpletons, one of whom was at last clever enough to put him in the dock of the Old Bailey. He was sent to the hulks; but I believe in my heart that he ought to have been sent forty years sooner to a lunatic asylum.

Meanwhile I stuck to Beetleborough, and time healed my wounds. These rough miners made festival about us, when the bells rang, and the carriage, in which I brought Deborah home, rolled to this door. We now have money, children, troops of friends, daily activity, and constant peace. We have pulled through, in fact, by force of strong, straightforward effort.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES,

By CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK III.

THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE KNITTING DONE.

In that same juncture of time when the Fifty-Two awaited their fate, Madame Defarge held darkly ominous counsel with The Vengeance and Jacques Three of the Revolutionary Jury. Not in the wine-shop did Madame Defarge confer with these ministers, but in the shed of the wood-sawyer, erst a mender of roads. The sawyer himself did not participate in the conference, but abided at a little distance, like an outer satellite who was not to speak until required, or to offer an opinion until invited.

"But our Defarge," said Jacques Three, "is undoubtedly a good Republican? Eh?"

"There is no better," the voluble Vengeance protested in her shrill notes, "in France."

"Peace, little Vengeance," said Madame Defarge, laying her hand with a slight frown on her lieutenant's lips, "hear me speak. My husband, fellow-citizen, is a good Republican and a bold man; he has deserved well of the Republic, and possesses its confidence. But my husband has his weaknesses, and he is so weak as to relent toward this Doctor."

"It is a great pity," croaked Jacques Three, dubiously shaking his head, with his cruel fingers at his hungry mouth; "it is not quite like a good citizen; it is a thing to regret."

"See you," said madame, "I care nothing for this Doctor, I. He may wear his head or lose it for any interest I have in him; it is all one to me. But the Evrémonde people are to be exterminated, and the wife and child must follow the husband and father."

"She has a fine head for it," croaked Jacques Three. "I have seen blue eyes and golden hair there, and they looked charming when Samson held them up." Ogre that he was he spoke like an epicure.

Madame Defarge cast down her eyes, and reflected a little.

"The child also," observed Jacques Three, with a meditative enjoyment of his words, "has golden hair and blue eyes. And we seldom have a child there. It is a pretty sight!"

"In a word," said Madame Defarge, coming out of her short abstraction, "I can not trust my husband in this matter. Not only do I feel, since last night, that I dare not confide to him the details of my projects; but also I feel that if I delay there is danger of his giving warning, and then they might escape."

"That must never be," croaked Jacques Three; "no one must escape. We have not half enough as it is. We ought to have six score a day."

"In a word," Madame Defarge went on, "my husband has not my reason for pursuing this family to annihilation, and I have not his reason for regarding this Doctor with any sensibility. I must act for myself, therefore. Come hither, little citizen."

The wood-sawyer, who held her in the respect, and himself in the submission, of mortal fear, advanced with his hand to his red cap.

"Touching those signals, little citizen," said Madame Defarge, sternly, "that she made to the prisoners; you are ready to bear witness to them this very day?"

"Ay, ay; why not!" cried the sawyer. "Every day, in all weathers, from two to four, always signaling, sometimes with the little one, sometimes without. I know what I know, I have seen with my eyes."

He made all manner of gestures while he spoke, as if in incidental imitation of some few of the great diversity of signals that he had never seen.

"Clearly plots," said Jacques Three. "Transparently!"

"There is no doubt of the Jury?" inquired Madame Defarge, letting her eyes turn to him with a gloomy smile.

"Rely upon the patriotic Jury, dear citizeness. I answer for my fellow-Jurymen."

"Now, let me see," said Madame Defarge, pondering again. "Yet once more! Can I spare this Doctor to my husband? I have no feeling either way. Can I spare him?"

"He would count as one head," observed Jacques Three, in a low voice. "We really have not heads enough; it would be a pity, I think."

"He was signaling with her when I saw her," argued Madame Defarge; "I can not speak of one without the other; and I must not be silent and trust the case wholly to him, this little citizen here. For I am not a bad witness."

The Vengeance and Jacques Three vied with

each other in their fervent protestations that she was the most admirable and marvelous of witnesses. The little citizen, not to be outdone, declared her to be a celestial witness.

"He must take his chance," said Madame Defarge. "No; I can not spare him! You are engaged at three o'clock; you are going to see the batch of to-day executed.—You?"

The question was addressed to the wood-sawyer, who hurriedly replied in the affirmative: seizing the occasion to add that he was the most ardent of Republicans, and that he would be in effect the most desolate of Republicans, if any thing prevented him from enjoying the pleasure of smoking his afternoon pipe in the contemplation of the droll national barber. He was so very demonstrative herein, that he might have been suspected (perhaps was, by the dark eyes that looked contemptuously at him out of Madame Defarge's head) of having his small individual fears for his own personal safety, every hour in the day.

"I," said madame, "am equally engaged at the same place. After it is over—say at eight to-night—come you to me, in Saint Antoine, and we will give information against these people at my Section."

The wood-sawyer said he would be proud and flattered to attend the citizeness. The citizeness looking at him, he became embarrassed, evaded her glance as a small dog would have done, retreated among his wood, and hid his confusion over the handle of his saw.

Madame Defarge beckoned the Juryman and The Vengeance a little nearer to the door, and there expounded her further views to them thus:

"She will now be at home, awaiting the moment of his death. She will be mourning and grieving. She will be in a state of mind to impeach the justice of the Republic. She will be full of sympathy with its enemies. I will go to her."

"What an admirable woman! what an adorable woman!" exclaimed Jacques Three, rapturously. "Ah, my cherished!" cried The Vengeance, and embraced her.

"Take you my knitting," said Madame Defarge, placing it in her lieutenant's hands, "and have it ready for me in my usual seat. Keep me my usual chair. Go you there, straight, for there will probably be a greater concourse than usual to-day."

"I willingly obey the orders of my Chief," said The Vengeance, with alacrity, and kissing her cheek. "You will not be late?"

"I shall be there before the commencement."

"And before the tumbrils arrive. Be sure you are there, my soul," said The Vengeance, calling after her, for she had already turned into the street, "before the tumbrils arrive!"

Madame Defarge slightly waved her hand to imply that she heard, and might be relied upon to arrive in good time, and so went through the mud, and round the corner of the prison wall. The Vengeance and the Juryman, looking after her as she walked away, were highly appreciative of her fine figure and her superb moral endowments.

There were many women at that time upon whom the time laid a dreadfully disfiguring hand; but there was not one among them more to be dreaded than this ruthless woman, now taking her way along the streets. Of a strong and fearless character, of shrewd sense and readiness, of great determination, of that kind of beauty which not only seems to impart to its possessor firmness and animosity, but to strike into others an instinctive recognition of those qualities; the troubled time would have heaved her up under any circumstances. But imbued from her childhood with a brooding sense of wrong, and an inveterate hatred of a class, opportunity had developed her into a tigress. She was absolutely without pity. If she had ever had the virtue in her it had quite gone out of her.

It was nothing to her that an innocent man was to die for the sins of his forefathers; she saw, not him, but them. It was nothing to her that his wife was to be made a widow and his daughter an orphan; that was insufficient punishment, because they were her natural enemies and her prey, and as such had no right to live. To appeal to her was made hopeless by her having no sense of pity, even for herself. If she had been laid low in the streets, in any of the many encounters in which she had been engaged, she would not have pitied herself; nor, if she had been ordered to the axe to-morrow, would she have gone to it with any softer feeling than a fierce desire to change places with the man who sent her there.

Such a heart Madame Defarge carried under her rough robe. Carelessly worn, it was a becoming robe enough in a certain weird way, and her dark hair looked rich under her coarse red cap. Lying hidden in her bosom was a loaded pistol. Lying hidden at her waist was a sharpened dagger. Thus accoutred, and walking with the confident tread of such a character, and with the supple freedom of a woman who had habitually walked in her girlhood, barefoot and barelegged, on the brown sea-sand, Madame Defarge took her way along the streets.

Now when the journey of the traveling coach, at that very moment waiting for the completion of its load, had been planned out last night, the difficulty of taking Miss Pross in it had much engaged Mr. Lorry's attention. It was not merely desirable to avoid overloading the coach, but it was of the highest importance that the time occupied in examining it and its passengers should be reduced to the utmost, since their escape might depend on the saving of only a few seconds here and there. Finally, he had proposed, after anxious consideration, that Miss Pross and Jerry, who were at liberty to leave the city, should leave it at three o'clock in the lightest-wheeled conveyance known to that period. Unencumbered with luggage, they would soon overtake the coach, and, passing it and preceding it on the road, would order its horses in advance, and greatly facilitate its progress during the precious hours of the night, when delay was the most to be dreaded.

Seeing in this arrangement the hope of rendering real service in that pressing emergency, Miss Pross hailed it with joy. She and Jerry had beheld the coach start, had known who it was that Solomon brought, had passed some ten minutes in tortures of suspense, and were now concluding their arrangements to follow the coach, even as Madame Defarge, taking her way through the streets, now drew nearer and nearer to the else-deserted lodging in which they held their consultation.

"Now what do you think, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, whose agitation was so great that she could hardly speak, or stand, or move, or live; "what do you think of our not starting from this court-yard? Another carriage having already gone from here to-day, it might awaken suspicion."

"My opinion, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "is as you're right. Likewise wot. I'll stand by you, right or wrong."

"I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures," said Miss Pross, wildly crying, "that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are *you* capable of forming any plan, my dear good Mr. Cruncher?"

"Respectin' a future spear o' life, miss," returned Mr. Cruncher, "I hope so. Respectin' any present use o' this here blessed old head o' mine, I think not. Would you do me the favor, miss, to take notice o' two promises and wows wot it is my wishes fur to record in this here crisis."

"Oh, for gracious sake!" cried Miss Pross, still wildly crying, "record them at once, and get them out of the way, like an excellent man."

"First," said Mr. Cruncher, who was all in a tremble, and who spoke with an ashy and solemn visage, "them poor things well out o' this, never no more will I do it, never no more!"

"I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher," returned Miss Pross, "that you never will do it again, whatever it is, and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is."

"No, miss," returned Jerry, "it shall not be named to you. Second: them poor things well out o' this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more!"

"Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be," said Miss Pross, striving to dry her eyes and compose herself, "I have no doubt it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence—Oh my poor darlings!"

"I go so far as to say, miss, morehover," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with a most alarming tendency to hold forth as from a pulpit, "and let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself—that wot my opinions respectin' flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be a flopping at the present time."

"There, there, there! I hope she is, my dear man," cried the distracted Miss Pross, "and I hope she finds it answering her expectations."

"Forbid it," proceeded Mr. Cruncher, with additional solemnity, additional slowness, and additional tendency to hold forth and hold out, "as any thing wot I have ever said or done should be wisited on my earnest wishes for them poor creeturs now! Forbid it as we shouldn't all flop (if it was any ways conwenient) to get 'em out o' this here dismal risk! Forbid it, miss! Wot I say, for—BID it!" This was Mr. Cruncher's conclusion after a protracted but vain endeavor to find a better one.

And still Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If we ever get back to our native land," said Miss Pross, "you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray let us think! My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think!"

Still, Madame Defarge, pursuing her way along the streets, came nearer and nearer.

"If you were to go before," said Miss Pross, "and stop the vehicle and horses from coming here, and were to wait somewhere for me; wouldn't that be best?"

Mr. Cruncher thought it might be best.

"Where could you wait for me?" asked Miss Pross.

Mr. Cruncher was so bewildered that he could think of no locality but Temple Bar. Alas, Temple Bar was hundreds of miles away, and Madame Defarge was drawing very near indeed.

"By the cathedral door," said Miss Pross. "Would it be much out of the way to take me in near the great cathedral door between the two towers?"

"No, miss," answered Mr. Cruncher.

"Then, like the best of men," said Miss Pross, "go to the post-house straight and make that change."

"I am doubtful," said Mr. Cruncher, hesitating and shaking his head, "about leaving of you, you see. We don't know what may happen."

"Heaven knows we don't," returned Miss Pross, "but have no fear for me. Take me in at the cathedral, at Three o'clock or as near it as you can, and I am sure it will be better than our going from here. I feel certain of it. There! Bless you, Mr. Cruncher! Think—not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us!"

This exordium, and Miss Pross's two hands in quite agonized entreaty clasping his, decided Mr. Cruncher. With an encouraging nod or two he immediately went out to alter the arrangements, and left her by herself to follow as she had proposed.

The having originated a precaution which was already in course of execution was a great relief to Miss Pross. The necessity of composing her appearance so that it should attract no special notice in the streets was another relief. She looked at her watch, and it was twenty minutes past two. She had no time to lose, but must get ready at once.

Afraid, in her extreme perturbation, of the loneliness of the deserted rooms, and of half-imagined faces peeping from behind every open door in them, Miss Pross got a basin of cold water and began laving her eyes, which were swollen and red. Haunted by her feverish apprehensions, she could not bear to have her sight obscured for a minute at a time by the dripping water, but constantly paused and looked round to see that there was no one watching her. In one of those pauses she recoiled and cried out, for she saw a figure standing in the room.

The basin fell to the ground broken, and the water flowed to the feet of Madame Defarge. By wild wild ways, and through much staining blood, those feet had come to meet that water.

Madame Defarge looked coldly at her, and said, "The wife of Evrémonde; where is she?"

It flashed upon Miss Pross's mind that the doors were all standing open, and would suggest the flight. Her first act was to shut them. There were four in the room, and she shut them all. She then placed herself before the door of the chamber which Lucie had occupied.

Madame Defarge's dark eyes followed her through this rapid movement, and rested on her when it was finished. Miss Pross had nothing beautiful about her; years had not tamed the wildness, or softened the grimness, of her appearance; but she too was a determined woman in her different way, and she measured Madame Defarge with her eyes, every inch.

"You might, from your appearance, be the wife of Lucifer," said Miss Pross, in her breathing. "Nevertheless, you shall not get the better of me. I am an Englishwoman."

Madame Defarge looked at her scornfully, but still with something of Miss Pross's own perception that they two were at bay. She saw a tight, hard, wiry woman before her, as Mr. Lorry had seen in the same figure a woman with a strong hand, in the years gone by. She knew full well that Miss Pross was the family's devoted friend; Miss Pross knew full well that Madame Defarge was the family's malevolent enemy.

"On my way yonder," said Madame Defarge, with a slight movement of her hand toward the fatal spot, "where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her."

"I know that your intentions are evil," said Miss Pross, "and you may depend upon it I'll hold my own against them."

Each spoke in her own language; neither understood the other's words; both were very watchful, and intent to deduce from look and manner what the unintelligible words meant.

"It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment," said Madame Defarge. "Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her. Do you hear?"

"If those eyes of yours were bed-winches," returned Miss Pross, "and I was an English four-poster, they shouldn't loose a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman; I am your match."

Madame Defarge was not likely to follow these idiomatic remarks in detail; but she so far understood them as to perceive that she was set at naught.

"Woman imbecile and pig-like!" said Madame Defarge, frowning. "I take no answer from you! I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her!" This with an angry explanatory wave of her right arm.

"I little thought," said Miss Pross, "that I should ever want to understand your nonsensical language; but I would give all I have, to the very clothes I wear, to know whether you suspect the truth, or any part of it."

Neither of them for a single moment released the other's eyes. Madame Defarge had not moved from the spot where she stood when Miss Pross first became aware of her; but she now advanced one step.

"I am a Briton," said Miss Pross. "I am desperate. I don't care an English Twopence for myself. I know that the longer I keep you here, the greater hope there is for my Ladybird. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me!"

Thus Miss Pross, with a shake of her head and a flash of her eyes between every rapid sentence, and every rapid sentence a whole breath. Thus Miss Pross, who had never struck a blow in her life.

But her courage was of that emotional nature that it brought the irrepressible tears into her eyes. This was a courage that Madame Defarge so little comprehended as to mistake for weakness. "Ha, ha!" she laughed, "you poor wretch! What are you worth! I address myself to that Doctor." Then she raised her voice and called out, "Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Child of Evrémonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge!"

Perhaps the following silence, perhaps some latent disclosure in the expression of Miss Pross's face, perhaps a sudden misgiving apart from either suggestion, whispered to Madame

"LIKE THE SOUL OF THE FURIOUS WOMAN WHOSE BODY LAY LIFELESS ON THE GROUND."

Defarge that they were gone. Three of the doors she opened swiftly, and looked in.

"These rooms are all in disorder, there has been hurried packing, there are odds and ends upon the ground. There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look."

"Never!" said Miss Pross, who understood the request as perfectly as Madame Defarge understood the answer.

"If they are not in that room, they are gone, and can be pursued and brought back," said Madame Defarge to herself.

"As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not you are uncertain what to do," said Miss Pross to *herself*; "and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you."

"I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me, I will tear you to pieces but I will have you from that door," said Madame Defarge.

"We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary court-yard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling," said Miss Pross.

Madame Defarge made at the door. Miss Pross, on the instinct of the moment, seized her round the waist in both her arms, and held her tight. It was in vain for Madame Defarge to struggle and to strike; Miss Pross, with the vigorous tenacity of love, so much stronger than hate, clasped her tight, and even lifted her from the floor in the struggle that they had. The two hands of Madame Defarge buffeted and tore at her face; but Miss Pross, with her head down, held her round the waist, and clung to her with more than the hold of a drowning woman.

Soon Madame Defarge's hands ceased to strike, and felt at her encircled waist. "It is under my arm," said Miss Pross, in smothered tones; "you shall not draw it. I am stronger than you; I bless Heaven for it. I'll hold you till one or other of us faints or dies!"

Madame Defarge's hands were at her bosom. Miss Pross looked up, saw what it was, struck at it, struck out a flash and a crash, and stood alone—blinded with smoke.

All this was in a second. As the smoke cleared, leaving an awful stillness, it passed out on the air like the soul of the furious woman whose body lay lifeless on the ground.

In the first fright and horror of her situation Miss Pross passed the body as far from it as she could, and ran down the stairs to call for fruitless help. Happily she bethought herself of the consequences of what she did in time to check herself and go back. It was dreadful to go in at the door again; but she did go in, and even went near it, to get the bonnet and other things that she must wear. These she put on, out on the staircase, first shutting and locking the door, and taking away the key. She then sat down on the stairs a few moments, to breathe and to cry, and then got up and hurried away.

By good fortune she had a vail on her bonnet, or she could hardly have gone along the streets without being stopped. By good fortune, too, she was naturally so peculiar in appearance as not to show disfigurement like any other woman. She needed both advantages, for the marks of griping fingers were deep in her face, and her hair was torn, and her dress (hastily composed with unsteady hands) was clutched and dragged a hundred ways.

In crossing the bridge she dropped the door-key in the river. Arriving at the cathedral door some few minutes before her escort, and waiting there, she thought, what if the key were already taken in a net, what if it were identified, what if the door were opened and the remains discovered, what if she were stopped at the gate, sent to prison, and charged with murder! In the midst of these fluttering thoughts the escort appeared, took her in, and took her away.

"Is there any noise in the streets?" she asked him.

"The usual noises," Mr. Cruncher replied; and looked surprised by the question and by her aspect.

"I don't hear you," said Miss Pross. "What do you say?"

It was in vain for Mr. Cruncher to repeat what he said; Miss Pross could not hear him. "So I'll nod my head," thought Mr. Cruncher, amazed; "at all events she'll see that." And she did.

"Is there any noise in the streets now?" asked Miss Pross again, presently.

Again Mr. Cruncher nodded his head.

"I don't hear it."

"Gone deaf in a hour?" said Mr. Cruncher, ruminating, with his mind much disturbed; "wot's come to her?"

"I feel," said Miss Pross, "as if there had been a flash and a crash, and that crash was the last thing I should ever hear in this life."

"Blest if she ain't in a queer condition!" said Mr. Cruncher, more and more disturbed. "Wot can she have been a takin', to keep her courage up? Hark! There's the roll of them dreadful carts! You can hear that, miss?"

"I can hear," said Miss Pross, seeing that he spoke to her, "nothing. Oh! my good man, there was first a great crash, and then a great stillness, and that stillness seems to be fixed and unchangeable, never to be broken any more as long as my life lasts!"

"If she don't hear the roll of those dreadful carts, now very nigh their journey's end," said Mr. Cruncher, glancing over his shoulder, "it's my opinion that indeed she never will hear anything else in this world."

And indeed she never did.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Is worthy the attention of all who suffer from this distressing complaint. The late JONAS WHITCOMB, of Boston, visited Europe a few years since for the benefit of his health, which was much impaired by frequent attacks of

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[Letter from a distinguished lawyer in Newburyport, Mass.]

Asthma.
Asthma.

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 25, 1856.

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With great respect, your obedient servant,
J. H. BRAGDON.

[Extract from a letter written by a distinguished Lawyer in Maine.]

Asthma.
Asthma.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:—Gentlemen—I tried more than thirty different species for the Asthma, until I had become worn down by disease, and almost discouraged. When I commenced taking your medicine I had been afflicted with the disease about twenty years. It is of the spasmodic kind; and in a bad attack I have frequently sat up sixteen nights in succession. Soon after taking your medicine I found an unaccustomed relief. My health and strength began to improve. I have gained about twenty pounds in weight, and have, comparatively, no Asthma. When I feel the symptoms returning, a few teaspoonfuls of the medicine is sufficient to remove it.

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Respectfully yours, H. R. VOSE.

[Letter from a Clergyman.]

Asthma.
Asthma.

WARDSBORO', VT., May 12, 1857.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR THE ASTHMA" on my wife. As often as ten or twelve times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes for several days and nights in succession. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity, to little or no purpose. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy," it acted like a charm; it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I am a Methodist Clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case.

Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Asthma.
Asthma.

SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., Jan. 28, 1859.

Messrs. JOSEPH BURNETT & CO.:—I saw your notice of Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy in the Boston Pilot, and I wish to tell you of its effect upon me. I have been troubled very much for about five years, many nights losing my sleep. Sometimes I could not move, and had to sit in one position for hours.

I began taking your medicine last September. I have not had a bad attack—have not lost an hour's sleep, nor an hour's work, since. I am a shoemaker by trade, and live in South Weymouth.

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